



David Livingstone

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

The Story of
His Life and Travels.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born at Blantyre, in Scotland, on March 19th, 1813. He was the second son of Neil Livingstone, a clerk in a cotton factory. His mother was Agnes Hunter, who belonged to the same rank of life as her husband. In one of his books, he mentions the fact, with some pride, that his great-grandfather fell in the battle of Culloden, fighting on the Jacobite side. His grandfather was a small farmer in "Ulva Dair," a little island in the Hebrides, where his father was born.

Finding the farm insufficient for the maintenance of his family, the grandfather removed to Blantyre toward the end of last century, and got a situation in the cotton works of Messrs Monteith and Company, in which in due time several of his sons were employed as clerks.

When Neil Livingstone married he began business for himself as a "merchant"—a small grocer and general dealer, but the returns from the business were so small that he found it necessary to send his children to work in the factory, even before they had finished their meagre course of education at the parish

HIS EARLY LIFE

school David was sent to work as a boy-piecer in the mills at the age of ten.

His education, however, did not stop then. In fact, it was only beginning. It is characteristic of him that, after going to the mills he bought a Latin grammar with his first week's earnings. From that day forth he was a student. After working almost incessantly from six in the morning till eight at night, he attended a night-school in connection with the factory from eight till ten. At ten he went home, not, however, to rest, but to pore over his books for another hour or two—unless, indeed, as sometimes happened, his studies were abruptly cut short by his mother carrying off his candle, and leaving him to go to bed in the dark.

On a superficial view his early life seems to make his later achievements the more remarkable. The contrast seems immense between the obscure cotton-piecer and the great traveller. Viewed more closely, the contrast disappears, and the sequence seems perfectly natural. If Livingstone could have forecast his future, he could have had no better training for his life's work than that which, in the truest sense, he gave himself. In the boy, as in the man there was the same independent, earnest, persevering even stubborn spirit the same constant feeling and habit of self-reliance. He rejoiced in countering difficulties, because they gave the spur to his manly intent.

In all this surely, the child was father of the man. When, at the age of nineteen, he became a cotton-spinner, he spun other yarns than cotton ones. It was his habit to keep a book before him on the spinning-frame, so placed that he could read and

work at the same time. He worked hard at his manual labour, but his toil was sweetened by the purpose-like determination to earn enough money to give himself a college education. In this he succeeded at the age of twenty-three. Having qualified himself by his own efforts to join and profit by the Andersonian College in Glasgow, he attended for two sessions the medical and the Greek classes, and also a theological class. But he continued to live at Blantyre, and to work in the mill in summer, and during his college course he walked to and from Glasgow every day—a distance of nine miles. Towards the close of 1838 he went to London, and was accepted as a candidate by the London Missionary Society. He spent the next two years chiefly in London, attending medical and science classes, and he studied theology and practised preaching at Ongar, in Essex, under the direction of the Rev Mr Cecil. In November, 1840, he obtained a medical degree from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow, by virtue of which he was "Dr. Livingstone" for the rest of his life.

One cannot fail to recognize in these efforts at self-improvement the early proofs of that indomitable and self-sacrificing spirit which supported Livingstone in after years, when, in the heart of the Dark Continent, he was forced to encounter difficulties which would have overwhelmed a man who had been more luxuriously trained. And he made it his pardonable boast that his whole education—from the day when as a factory boy he bought the Latin Rudiments, to the day when he offered his services to the London Missionary Society as a medical practitioner—had cost no one but himself a single farthing.

HIS education out of school—through the manifold influences which surrounded him—had even more to do than his regular training at school and college with making him what he became. There were, for example, the family history and traditions. In particular, there was the fondly-cherished tradition that a dishonest man had never been found among his forefathers—at once a fulfilment and a justification of the family motto ‘Be honest’.

Then there was the force of parental example—an austere but honest father, a pious and tender mother, both surrounding the cottage hearth with a halo of sanctity and high principle.

Again, there was his insatiable love of reading, which from his earliest days led him to make books his constant companions, not only during his hours of leisure but also as we have seen, while he worked in the cotton mill. But here his tastes brought him into somewhat sharp collision with his Puritan father. His own decided preference was for books of travel and scientific works, and he had a strong aversion to the solid doctrinal and Calvinistic literature which his father tried to thrust on his attention. We have it on his own testimony that the very last occasion on which his father thrashed him was on his refusal to read Wilberforce’s ‘Practical Christianity,’ though practical Christianity in a higher and nobler sense was the sum and substance of his life.

Over and above all this, there was his irrepressible love of Nature, which led him to refresh himself as often as he could with never-forgotten rambles over the braes and through the valleys of Clydesdale—rambles which suggested his most natural and most

cherished standards of comparison when traversing the African continent

Last, but not least, were his deep and strong religious convictions. On that subject, which touched the quick of his heart, he said little, but that little meant a great deal. These convictions were the key of his life. "In the glow of love," he wrote, "which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery." There we have, with no uncertain sound, the key-note of his whole career. Nothing is more certain or more evident than that, when he became the agent of the London Missionary Society in 1840, at the age of twenty-seven, his personal character, in all its leading lines, was fully formed.

Having landed at Cape Town, he quickly proceeded to Algoa Bay, and thence crossed the country for seven hundred miles to the Kuruman Mission Station, founded by the missionary Moffat. There he heard the natives speak of Lake Ngami as lying at a great distance off, and of the vast river Zambesi, and their tales awoke in him that passion for exploration which lent a characteristic colouring to his later life. In 1844, he married Mary, a daughter of Moffat the missionary, and found in her a loyal and courageous helpmate.

It was not until 1849 that he began his career of Discovery. Then, accompanied by Messrs Oswell and Murray, men already of some experience as travellers, and by Mrs Livingstone and her children, he struck across the great desert of the Kalahari, and reaching the River Zouga, followed it up for about ninety-six miles until he reached Lake Ngami. He and his

companions were the first Europeans who had ever seen the sunshine of the African heavens reflected in this noble expanse of water. He was desirous of pushing forward to Sebituane, the powerful chief of the Makololo, but, being unable to obtain supplies, the party retraced their steps along the reedy bank of the Zouga, and returned to their station.

In the following April, Livingstone set out on a second excursion, accompanied by his wife, three children, and the Bakwain chief Seehele. Again he reached Lake Ngami, and was on the point of starting for Sebituane's settlement, when two of his children and all his servants were seized with fever. In his third attempt, however, he proved successful, but he had scarcely secured the friendship of the Makololo ruler, before the latter fell ill of inflammation of the lungs, and died in a few days. His power was inherited by his daughter Ma-mochisane, who showed herself equally well disposed towards the adventurous white man, and gave him leave to travel freely in her dominions. Accompanied by Mr. Oswell, he therefore penetrated inland to Sesheke, one hundred and thirty miles, and accomplished the discovery of the noble River Zambesi, destined in the future to become one of the great highways of African commerce.

Finding, however, no suitable spot for a mission station, Livingstone determined to send his family, for health's sake, to England, and for this purpose he repaired to Cape Town in April 1852.

Taking an affectionate leave of them, he entered upon a course of travel which he supposed would occupy two, but in the event took up five years.

He left Kuruman, with a small escort, on the 20th

of November, and skirting the Kalahari desert, arrived on the 31st of December at Litubaraba, a town belonging to Sechele. On the 15th of January 1853 he started for Linyanti, the residence of Sebituane's successor, crossing a country wholly unknown to Europeans,—a fertile country, abounding in watercourses, trees, vegetation, animal life. Crossing the Chobe, he reached Linyanti on the 23rd of May, and found that Ma-mochisane had voluntarily resigned her power into the hands of her brother Sekeletu, who received him with much hospitality. Partly through an attack of illness, and partly through a desire to study the language and customs of the Makololo, Livingstone remained here a month. When he resumed his journey, it was under peculiarly favourable auspices, for the young chief Sekeletu determined to travel with him, and they set forth, attended by a hundred and sixty men,—a motley train,—some attired in red tunics or coloured English prints, others wearing little but the ostrich plumes on their heads, some armed with battle-axes, others with clubs of rhinoceros-horn, some bearing burdens, and others laboriously attending to teams of half-broken oxen. In due time they arrived at the Lecambye, as the Zambesi is called in the upper part of its course, and having procured a sufficient number of canoes, embarked on the spacious river, and began to trace it upwards to its source. Frequently it measured a mile in breadth, and bore on its deep bosom many beautiful islands three to five miles in length. Its banks were adorned here and there with clumps of luxuriant forest-trees, and its echoes repeated the trumpet-cry of the elephant and the snort of the hippopotamus. The valley through which it flowed

was studded by thriving villages, around which bloomed patches of carefully-cultivated ground. Herds of cattle abounded, and the Barotse might justly say of this African Eden, that hunger was not known within its borders.

At Naliele, the principal village, Livingstone parted with Sekeletu, and continued his ascent of the river, but failed to find any place where a colony of Makololo Christians might be safely planted. He found the country infested with the terrible tsetse or cattle-fly. He returned, therefore, to Naliele, where he found Sekeletu waiting for him, and the two resumed their journey back to Linyanti, where he rested and refreshed himself before adventuring another excursion.

His object now was to make his way to the west coast, and open up that part of Africa to the genial influences of Christianity and civilization. For this purpose he engaged an escort of seven-and-twenty men, and collected the necessary stores. He took three muskets for his people, and two rifles for himself, some tea, sugar, coffee, and biscuits, a little clothing, a Bible, nautical almanac, magic-lantern, sextant, telescope, compass, thermometer, a supply of glass beads, a gipsy tent, a horse-rug as a bed, and a sheep-skin mantle as a blanket. ✓

Thus escorted and equipped, he embarked on the 11th of November 1853, and after crossing five arms or ramifications of the Chobe, descended into the united stream, which forms the Leeanbye, and swarms with river-horses. His progress was not very rapid, but it was very safe, and from the natives inhabiting the riverine villages he met with the kindest reception. His daily course of life was this. About five in

SCENE ON THE LEAMING



the morning he rose, and while he dressed and washed his coffee was made. After he had satisfied himself, the remainder was shared among his followers. Then he continued his voyage until eleven, enjoying the cool fresh air of the morning. At eleven the little company landed, and dined upon the fragments saved from the previous evening's meal, or on biscuit and honey, or any fresh supplies that fell in their way. Re-embarking at noon, they were doomed to experience for some hours the ardour of an African sun, and gladly sheltered themselves under an umbrella, or any extemporized awning. Then, about two hours before sunset, they landed, and prepared their evening meal, which was almost always washed down by a restorative draught of coffee.

Having reached the confluence of the Leeambye and the Leeba, Livingstone diverged into the latter, and began its ascent, though much incommoded by the severities of the rainy season. Early in 1854 he visited a female chief, sister to Shinte, the powerful chief of the Balondas. She insisted upon escorting him to her brother by land, and, with her husband and a drummer, marched contentedly by his side, having mounted him upon a sturdy ox. On their way they were met by messengers from Shinte, who offered him a hearty welcome, and expressed his sense of the honour he should feel in entertaining three white men at his court. Livingstone was much puzzled who the two other strangers could possibly be. "Are they," he inquired, "of the same colour as myself?" "Yes" "Is then hair like mine?" "Do you call that hair?" We thought it was a wig!"

He arrived at Shinte's court on January 17, and

found a couple of Portuguese traders. The chief was seated on a rude throne-like pedestal, covered with a leopard-skin, under the shade of a spreading banyan-tree, and was gorgeously attired in a checked jacket and a kilt of scarlet baize, trimmed with green. His ornaments consisted of numerous armlets and bracelets, and a crest of feathers waved on his head. Around him stood his counsellors, warriors, and principal subjects, who threw themselves into warlike attitudes, and at intervals clapped their hands loudly. The chief orator having enlarged on Livingstone's admirable qualities, and his desire to introduce into Shinte's country the wonderful products of the white man's skill, a concert took place, the performers being three drummers, and four men who thumped vigorously on an instrument rudely resembling a piano.

After the music, more palaver. There were no fewer than nine orators, and Livingstone rejoiced when the heat of the sun terminated his reception, and compelled the assembly to separate.

We have no space to record the various incidents that marked Livingstone's friendly intercourse with the Balonda chief. He showed him the magic-lantern with great effect,—most of the people rushing out in dismay when the canvas reflected a representation of Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac; and he was visited in his tent by Shinte, who examined with intense interest and delight his various effects, and presented him with a string of beads, attached to a large conical shell, as a crowning proof of his friendship.

Well-supplied with provisions, Livingstone resumed his journey, and in February crossed a great plain which formed the watershed of that region. Keeping

his face steadily westward, and triumphing, by his patient energy, over every obstacle, in April he reached the borders of the Portuguese territory of Loanda. On his arrival at the capital, he was very warmly received by the Bishop of Angola, who acted as governor, and off the coast found some of Her Majesty's cruisers engaged in the suppression of the slave-trade. He took his faithful followers on board two of the ships, and they were greatly impressed with the evidences that met them everywhere of British power and civilization. By the Portuguese they were very kindly treated, and Livingstone himself was entertained by the merchants in the most hospitable manner. They listened with curiosity and approval to his project for suppressing slavery by the introduction of a properly regulated commerce, and it was with mingled regret and admiration they saw this extraordinary man start on his return journey across the continent on September 20, 1854.

This journey was not without its features of interest, but it was made in safety, and Livingstone's chief difficulties arose from his frequent attacks of fever. With his old friend Shinte he resided for several days, and in almost every village his arrival was made the occasion of a grand gala. Of the Makololo tribe Livingstone always speaks in eulogistic terms. He describes them as a fine race of men, their complexion of a warm, rich brown rather than black, tall, well-made, athletic, and courageous. Their hospitality would shame that of the Arabs, and is distinguished by its gracefulness and graciousness. "The people of every village," he writes, "treated us most liberally, presenting, besides oxen, butter, milk, and meal, more

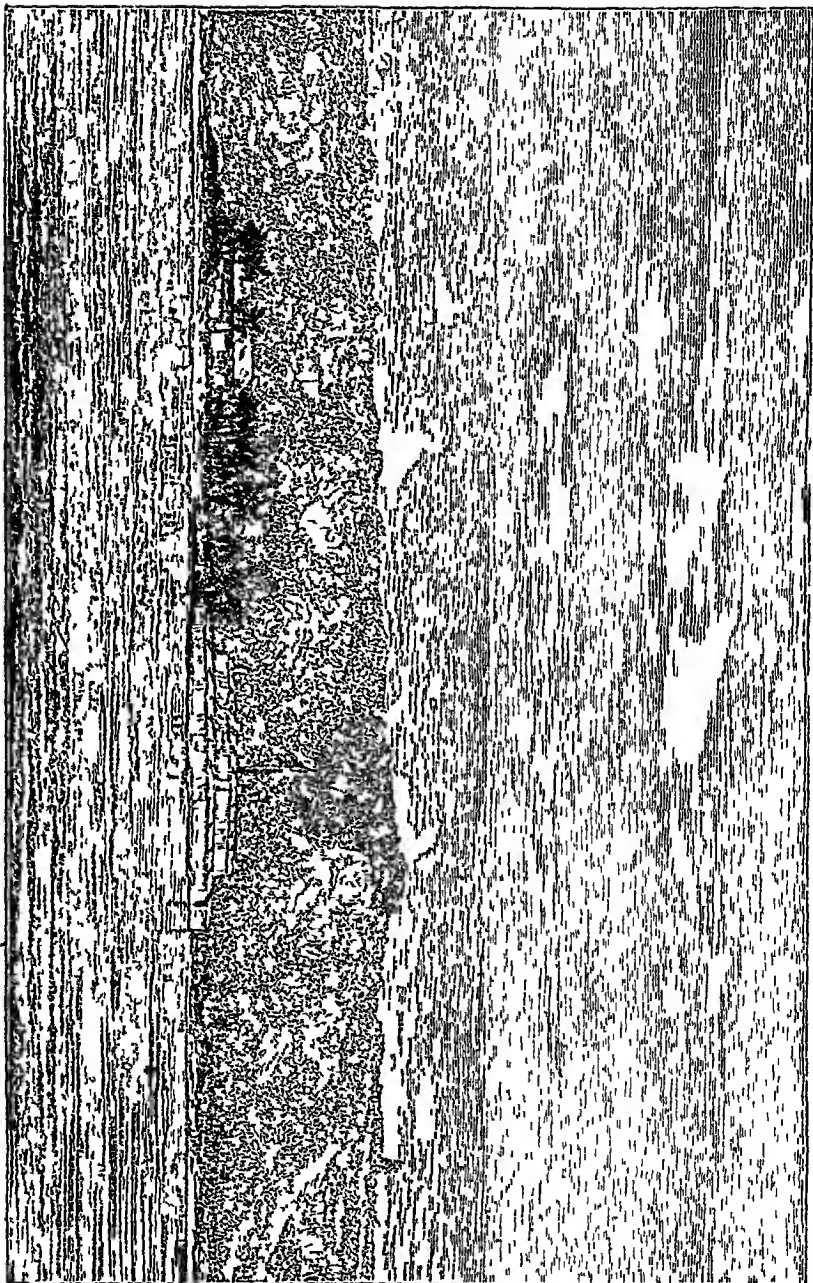
than we could stow away in our canoes. They always made their presents gracefully. When an ox was given, the owner would say, 'Here is a little bit of bread for you.' This was pleasing, for I had been accustomed to the Bechuanas presenting a miserable goat with the pompous exclamation, 'Behold, an ox!' The women persisted in giving me copious supplies of shrill praises, or 'lulliloong,' but although I frequently told them to modify their 'great lords' and 'great lions' to more humble expressions, they so evidently intended to do me honour, that I could not help being pleased with the poor creatures' wishes for our success."

The arrival of a visitor is always announced by a shrill, prolonged, undulating cry, the result of a rapid movement of the tongue. This is called "lulliloong." The stranger takes a seat, and immediately a conversation is opened up, in which both sides communicate the news of the day, and load one another with extravagant compliments. At last the head man rises, and brings out some large pots of beer, and calabash goblets being simultaneously produced, the whole company address themselves assiduously to the laborious task of quenching their thirst.

Besides beer, jars of clotted milk are served round, each of the principal men receiving a jar, and apportioning its contents as he chooses. Spoons are not in vogue, and the Makololo scoop up the milk with dexterous hands. Even if a spoon be given to them, they use it only to ladle out some milk from the jar, and still prefer to carry the milk to their mouths with their hands.

A chief is required to entertain his followers fie-

ST PAUL DE LOANDA





quently at a banquet of flesh, for the Makololo are no vegetarians. Accordingly, he selects an ox, and some trusted favourite is employed to kill it, which he does by piercing its heart with a slender spear. The wound is then closed up, that the animal may bleed internally, the blood, as well as the entrails, falling to the share of the butcher.

Next comes the work of cutting up. The hump and ribs, which are considered the best part, are reserved for the chief, who divides the remainder among his principal guests, and these distribute their portions among their followers. The cooking process is quickly accomplished: the meat is cut into strips and thrown on a blazing fire, where it remains until it is about half-roasted. It is eaten while smoking hot—so hot that it would utterly scorch a European palate. But as Makololo fashion does not permit a guest to eat after his companions have finished, everybody's object is to consume the greatest possible quantity in the shortest possible time.

The erection of a Makololo hut may be thus described. A cylindrical tower of stakes and reeds is raised, and liberally plastered with mud. Its total elevation is about ten feet. The floor and the inner walls are also carefully plastered, so as to defy the intrusion of insects. A large conical roof, well-thatched with reeds, is put together on the ground, and then lifted into its place by sheer physical strength. As its eaves project considerably beyond the circumference of the tower, they are supported by stakes, and usually the intervals between are filled up with reeds and mud. The roof is not fixed either to the tower or props, and can be removed at pleasure. Light and air are ad-

mitted through the doorway, which, however, is always very low and narrow. Consequently, the interior is disagreeably warm and inconveniently dark; but these drawbacks are not noticed by the Africans, who live almost all day in the open air, and retire to their huts only for sleeping accommodation.

With Livingstone's sketch of a Makololo dance we must close our rapid description —

“The people usually show their joy and work off their excitement in dances and songs. The dance consists of the men standing nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamp heavily twice with it, then lift the other and give one stamp with it: this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction, and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigour. The continual stamping makes a cloud of dust ascend, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood.

“If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain. But here gray-headed men join in the performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration start off their bodies with the exertion. Motibe asked what I thought of the Makololo dance. I replied, ‘It is very hard work, and brings but small profit.’ ‘It is,’ he replied, ‘but it is very nice, and Sekelutu will give us the ox for dancing for him.’ He usually does slaughter an ox for the dancers when the work is over.

The women stand by, clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances within the circle—composed of a hundred men—makes a few movements, and then retires. As I never tried it, and am unable to enter into the spirit of the thing, I cannot recommend the Makololo polka to the dancing world, but I have the authority of no less a person than Motibe, Sekeletu's father-in-law, for saying that it is very nice."

Returning to our adventurous traveller, we find him in the month of August at Naliele. Thence he proceeded to Sesheke, where he found some letters and supplies from England, and from Sesheke to Linyanti. On the 3rd of November he started for Zanzibar, accompanied by Sekeletu and about two hundred followers, whom the chief liberally provisioned. He descended the Zambesi for about ten miles, and soon afterward made his discovery of the great falls which he named after Queen Victoria. At a distance of four or five miles, the spray and vapour of this mighty cataract may be seen rising in five lofty columns, like the smoke thrown off when large tracts of grass are set on fire. They are white as snow above, but near their base they assume a darker appearance, owing to their greater density. On approaching the spot, the traveller discovers that the Zambesi, which is here a thousand yards in breadth, leaps suddenly into the depth of a wonderfully narrow transversal fissure, into which its immense volume of water is violently compressed, and there it swirls, eddies, boils, seethes, and rages with indescribable violence, filling the air with the echoes of its thunder, and obscuring the whole scene with a

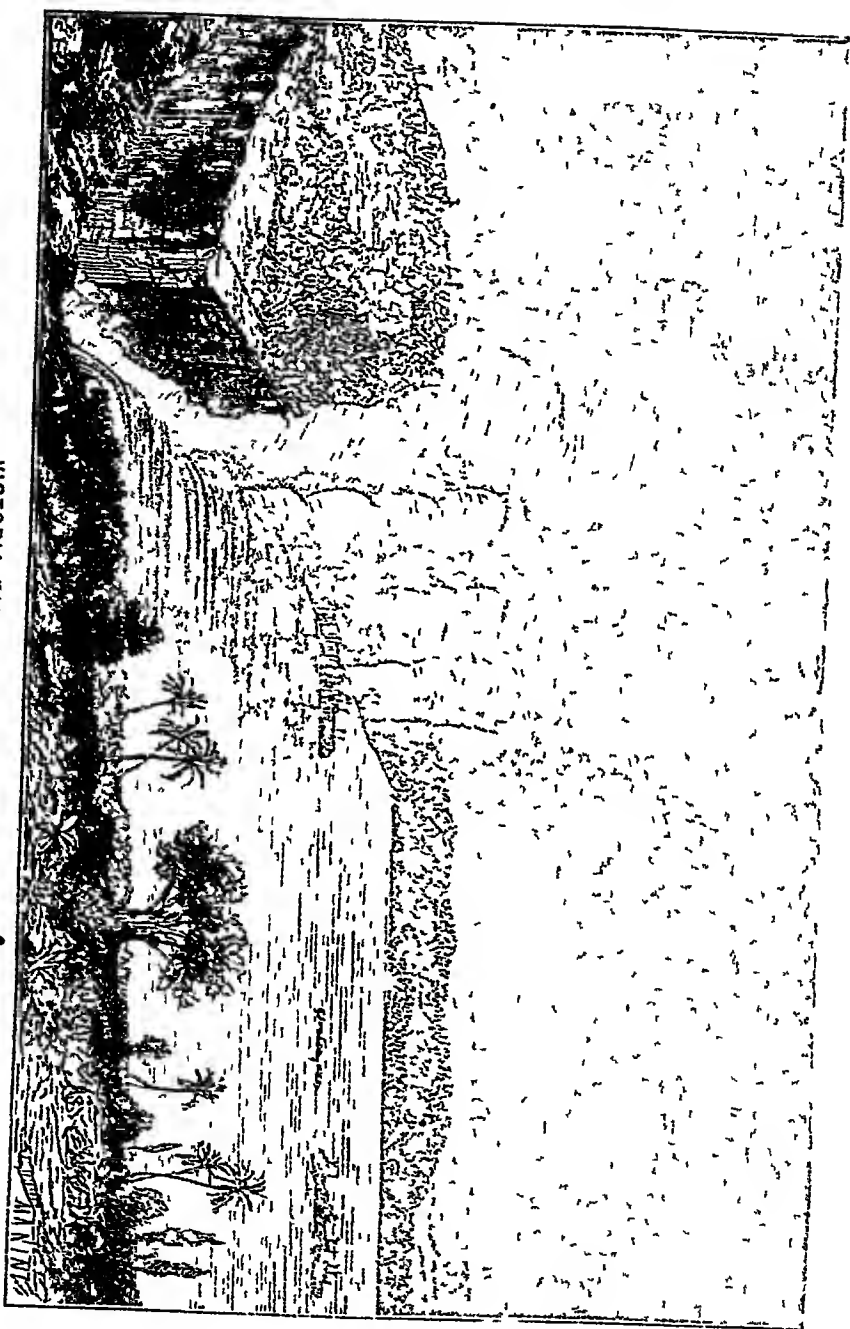
cloud of grayish smoke, as if a battle were being fought beneath

On the 20th of November Sekeletu took leave of his white friend,—furnishing him, however, with an escort of one hundred and fourteen men, and Livingstone struck across country to the Sekone, which flows in a direction opposite to that of the main river. He followed this stream until he reached the Zambesi, generally meeting with the most surprising hospitality in every village he marched through. Descending the great river which will always be associated with his name, he arrived at its mouth towards the end of April, having safely traversed the African continent from west to east

After a sojourn of two years in England, where he was received with the honours his courageous enterprise had so well deserved, Livingstone started on his second expedition on the 10th of March 1858. He was commissioned by Government to undertake a thorough exploration of the basin of the Zambesi, and to report upon its commercial facilities. His brother Charles accompanied him, and a small scientific staff, and he was furnished with a small steam-paddle launch for the navigation of the African rivers. Unfortunately, however, the *Ma Robert*, as it was called, in allusion to Mrs. Livingstone's African designation, proved to be of indifferent construction, and consequently more of an obstruction than an assistance.

Livingstone reached the mouth of the Zambesi in May 1858, and immediately began the ascent of the river. At the Portuguese settlement of Teth he found his Makololo men, who had been waiting for his return

VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBEZI



from England with sublime patience The joy on both sides was very great The exploring party proceeded to some distance northward, and then, owing to the uselessness of the launch, were forced to retrace their steps Livingstone found means to send home a communication to the British Government, begging that a more effective vessel might be sent out, and meanwhile he and his companions ascended the Shue—a river previously unknown to Europeans (January 1859)

In the course of this exploration, Livingstone fell in with two important tribes—the Batoka and Manganja—of whom a brief description is necessary

The Batoka, like other Africans, chip away their two upper incisor teeth, much to their personal disfigurement This custom is universal, and cannot be put down even by the chief, or prevented by threats of punishment, probably it is a relic of some ancient religious ceremony They wear their hair dressed in a wonderful and portentous manner It is drawn up into a cone on the top of the head, fully nine or ten inches high, and six or seven in diameter at the base To preserve its rigidity, it is well plastered with grease, and sometimes it is mixed with the hair of various animals, and ornamented with a spike or comb of bamboo

Amongst the Batoka dwell a remarkable body of men called the Baenda-pezi, or "Go-nakeds," who are troubled with no scruples about decency, and wear no other coat than one of red ochre Though they do not dress their persons, they, like the Batoka, dress their hair, plaiting it round with bark, larding it

with red ochre and grease, and twisting it into the most grotesque devices. They load their arms with rings of beads and iron wire, and invariably carry a pipe and a small pair of iron tongs—the latter being used for lifting a coal from the fire to kindle the everlasting pipe, the Baenda-pezi's resource and consolation in every difficulty. All the Batoka are inveterate smokers: they smoke a very powerful tobacco, and they smoke in a very peculiar manner. First they take a whiff, like any ordinary votary of the pipe; then they puff out the smoke, but before the fragrant cloud is wholly lost, they make a sudden catch at it, so to speak, and inhale the last wreath.

The Batoka have a code of etiquette of their own, and require a strict observance of it. When the women meet, they salute one another by clapping their hands and "lullloong," while the men, on the contrary, stoop, and clap their hands on their hips. This, however, is only their ordinary salutation. On ceremonial occasions they throw themselves on their backs, and roll from side to side, slapping the outside of their thighs with almost superfluous energy, and shouting "Kina-bomba! kina-bomba!" in stentorian tones. It was after this fashion they welcomed Dr. Livingstone, but, as may be supposed, it did not meet with his approval. When he endeavoured to check their antics, however, they thought he was dissatisfied with their want of fervour, and rolled about and slapped themselves all the more furiously.

If a Batoka offer you a gift, he holds the article in one hand, and, as he approaches you, slaps his thigh with the other. You take the gift: immediately he claps his hands together, sits down, and strikes his

thighs with both hands Should you desire to present him with something in return, you must go through the same minutæ, and such sticklers are the Batoka on this point, that they formally practise their children in each punctilio

But any extravagance in this direction may be forgiven in consideration of the hospitality, industry, and trustworthiness of the Batoka They are distinguished, moreover, by an innate *politesse*, sufficiently unusual in the African tribes As hunters they are both bold and dexterous, and they manage their canoes with wonderful skill They have no religious system, but they have their charms and ordeals, and as great a dread of witchcraft as the Waganda or Wanyoro If a person be accused of necromantic practices—and no one is safe from such an accusation—his only chance is to clear himself by undergoing the ordeal of the muave This is a poisonous preparation, which acts differently on different constitutions Some persons it kills, and of course *their* guilt is thus proved beyond doubt, others eject it, and these are supposed to have established their innocence

Near the confluence of the Kapoc, says Livingstone, the mambo or chief, with some of his head-men, came to the great traveller's sleeping-place with a present Then foreheads were smeared with white flour, and an unaccustomed seriousness marked their demeanour Shortly before his arrival they had been accused of witchcraft Conscious of innocence, they accepted the ordeal, and undertook to drink the muave poison. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill of Nehomokela, on which the bodies of their ancestors reposed, and, after a solemn appeal to the

unseen spirits to attest the innocence of their children, they swallowed the muave, vomited, and were therefore declared not guilty

Livingstone says it is evident they believe that the soul has a continued existence, and that the spirits of the departed know what those they have left behind are doing, and are pleased or not, according as their deeds are good or evil. This belief is universal. The owner of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirit of his father, who helped him when he killed the hippopotamus. Another, when the bargain for his canoe was nearly completed, seeing a large serpent on a branch of a tree overhead, refused to carry out the transaction, alleging that the serpent was his father's spirit, and had made his appearance in order to protest against it.

Like some civilized peoples, they put more faith than is prudent in patent medicines! Or, at least, in a certain specific against the terrible tsetse or cattle-fly, discovered by one of their chiefs. It is prepared from a plant which Livingstone speaks of as unknown to botanists. The root is peeled, the peel sliced and beaten into powder, along with a dozen or so of the noxious insects. The remainder of the plant is simply dried. When an animal has been bitten by the tsetse, it is dosed with some of the powder, while the dried plant is burned under it, so as to fumigate it thoroughly. It would seem that the remedy is not always successful, but that it saves many animals which without it would assuredly perish.

The Batoka, as might be expected of so amiable a people, are partial to sweet sounds. The musical instrument they use is one which spreads over a con-

siderable part of Central Africa. A number of flat thin strips of wood are attached to a board, and these, when rapidly pressed and allowed to rebound, give forth a subdued musical tone, the principle being that of our European musical-boxes, only that in the *sansa*, as it is called, the human finger plays the part of the wooden pegs. Sometimes a fuller tone is obtained by employing iron keys instead of wood, and to increase the resonance, the instrument is enclosed in a calabash—which is frequently ornamented with carving, and filled with jingling and jangling bits of tin and steel.

The *sansa* is not so ineffective as might be supposed, and in accompanying songs it is really useful. A native poet attached himself to Dr Livingstone's company, and composed a poem in honour of the white man, which he sang on all possible occasions, to the accompaniment of the *sansa*. It must be owned that his production at first was rough and immature, but he improved and added to it daily, until it attained a tremendous length. It was not without some degree of metrical ingenuity, each line consisting of five syllables. Another improvisatore was in the habit of chanting an extempore song every evening, which recorded all the achievements of the white man. At times he found himself at a loss for words, but with ready ingenuity, while waiting for an inspiration, he filled up the pause with his *sansa*.

Besides the *sansa*, the Batoka possess a kind of harmonicon, called the *marimba*. It consists of a set of strips of hard wood fixed in a frame, with a calabash or gourd underneath each. The wooden strips diminish in length from one end of the instrument to

the other, and are lightly and rapidly struck by the performer with a couple of wooden sticks. This instrument is identical with that which in England bears the name of the xylophone, and is occasionally adopted by street musicians, or the performers at cheap concerts and music halls.

We pass on to a consideration of some of the habits and ways of another of the River Shire tribes,—the Manganja. They live in a fine pastoral district, which is well watered and abounds in grass, but they have no fancy for the care of herds, preferring to employ themselves in agricultural pursuits, in basket-making, in growing cotton, and working metals.

They are a very industrious race, and not without some skill in agricultural pursuits. When they fix upon a piece of ground for cultivation, they set to work to clear it of its timber, by cutting down the trees with their axes, piling them up in heaps, setting fire to them, and using the ashes as manure. Of course the stumps are left in the ground, and the seed is sown in among them. The grass is cleared in a different manner. As it is long and thick, like wheat-stalks, the labourer gathers as much as he can in both his hands, twists together the tops, and ties the whole in a bundle. Then he cuts away at the roots with his hoe, and leaves his bunch of grass standing, like a sheaf of wheat. Previous to the advent of the rainy season all these "stooks" of grass are burned, and their ashes dug into the soil.

In preparing their cotton, they pick the fibre by hand, draw it out into a "roving," partially twist it, and then roll it up into a ball. Though not so fine

as the American cotton, it is much stronger, and as it produces a remarkably durable stuff, it may come to play, at some future time, no unimportant part in commerce

Every Manganja has his little cotton-field, covering from half an acre to an acre in extent, which he tends as assiduously, and weeds as carefully, as an English cottager tends and weeds his garden. Then loom is rudely simple, and as it is placed horizontally, the weaver, while at work, must squat on the ground. His shuttle is nothing but a stick, with the thread wound spirally about it, and when it has been "shot" through the intersecting threads of the warp, the latter is beaten into its place by a flat stick.

The territory of the Manganja is divided into several districts, each controlled by a chief called Rundo, who rules absolutely over all the villages comprised within his peculiar district, and from each receives a small yearly tribute,—consisting generally of a tusk of each elephant killed. In return, he is bound to afford protection or assistance should any danger impend. Women's rights flourish among the Manganja, for a female may rise to the dignity of Rundo.

The Manganja may be commended for their hospitality, which they practise on a large scale, and after a prescriptive fashion. In each village is set apart, under the shade of a baobab, or some similarly far-spreading tree, a clear open area of about thirty yards in diameter,—in fact, a "village-green." This is the evening rendezvous, where, when the day's work is over, the villagers assemble to drink beer, and dance, and sing, and gossip. It is also appropriated to the use of the basket-makers and others engaged in what

may be called sedentary pursuits. On the arrival of a stranger, he is forthwith conducted to the green, or Boala, some mats are spread for his seat, and he is invited to await the coming of the head of the village. As soon as the latter appears, the villagers welcome him with a simultaneous clapping of hands, which does not cease until, surrounded by his counsellors, he seats himself. The white man's guides then sit down in front of the village potentate and his "cabinet," and both parties, with earnest looks, bend forward. The chief utters a word,—such as *Ambruata* ("our father," or "master"), or *Mois* ("life"),—and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, a third by additional clapping, and then each man touches the ground with both hands placed together. All start to their feet, lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, until the last dies away, or is brought to an end by a smart loud clap from the chief. In this peculiar species of court etiquette, excellent time is kept, and so much importance is attributed to it, that the people are instructed in its details from their early childhood.

The principal guide of the stranger's party now addresses the chief in a kind of metrical harangue, informing him who his guest is, and whence he has come, and introducing such embellishments as may occur to his ingenious fancy. Afterwards refreshments are served round, and the people disperse to their various occupations.

The dress of the Manganya is not very elaborate. He reserves all his taste and all his efforts for the decoration of his person. The hair is made a great

feature In general, it is trained to resemble a couple of buffalo-horns; which is effected by selecting two pieces of hide, and while they are wet and pliable bending them into the required shape As soon as they have dried and hardened, they are fastened on the head; the hair is brought over them, and kept in its place by a copious application of grease and clay Sometimes, however, the hair is divided into numerous tufts, and round each tuft is twisted a thin bandage of bark, so that they project in all directions Others coil the natural growth turban-wise around their heads, others again draw it towards the back of the head, and train it into a kind of pig-tail, while others—whether out of laziness, or for the sake of distinction, we cannot say—shave their heads as clean as a closely-cropped cornfield

In addition to the grace which a fantastic head-dress may confer upon them, the women seek to “gild refined gold,” and enhance their charms by wearing the curious, and to a European the repulsive, lip-ornament, called the *pelele* This is a ring of ivory, metal, or bamboo, nearly an inch thick, and variable in diameter, measuring from one to two inches When the girl is very young, her upper lip is pierced close to the nose; and in order to prevent the orifice from closing, a small peg is introduced, which is withdrawn, as soon as the wound heals, to give place to a larger one, and this process is repeated for years, until the full-sized *pelele* can be worn

Generally the *pelele* is made of bamboo, and is very light, but in all cases its effect is as peculiar as it is disagreeable When its wearer smiles, the contraction of the muscles forces the ring upwards, so that its

upper edge rises in front of the eyes, and the nose projects through the middle. Thus the whole of the front teeth are exposed, displaying the usual chipping away of the incisors, so that they resemble the fangs of a crocodile or a cat. The natural formation of the jaws, moreover, is modified injuriously by this hideous ornament—the *ne plus ultra*, one may say, of a barbarous fancy! Naturally, as everybody knows, the upper teeth are set in a kind of outward curve, but the continual though slight pressure of the ring first diminishes the curve, then flattens, and finally reverses it.

No one can explain when the pelele was invented, and the reasons given for wearing it are not very satisfactory. A man, say the Manganja, has whiskers and a beard, but the woman has none. Now, fancy the beardless and whiskerless mouth of the woman without even a pelele to disguise it! Owing to the adoption of this ornament, the language of the Manganja has undergone a change, for it renders impossible the proper pronunciation of the labial letters.

The pelele is not always of the same shape, or of the same material. Sometimes it is made of red pipe-clay, sometimes of white quartz, sometimes of pure tin, beaten into a dish-like shape. Frequently its form is cylindrical, and then the wearer looks as if an inch or so of wax-candle had been thrust through the lips, until it projected beyond the nose. Some belles of great pretensions are not content with a single pelele, but wear one through each lip.

The Manganja further adorn—or disfigure—their persons by vigorous tattooing. In many cases the face

is pricked all over with little holes, and these are so treated that when they heal the skin is raised in tiny knobs, as if covered with an eruption of pimples. Dr Livingstone describes somewhat minutely a Manganja beauty.—Her head was shaved, and the want of hair supplied by a tuft of feathers tied over the forehead by a band. From a point on the top of the brow ran a series of lines, radiating over the cheeks as far as the ears. In like manner a point was marked on each shoulder-blade, from which lines radiated down the back and over the shoulders, and similar devices adorned the lower part of the spine and each arm. Of course, she wore the pelele, but as she had “travelled oft,” and met with white men, she did not seem particularly proud of it. Prior to her interview with Dr Livingstone, she withdrew to her hut, removed the pelele, and while speaking kept her hand before her mouth, in order to hide the hideous aperture in her lip.

In two respects the Manganja come down to the ordinary savage level—they are neither cleanly nor sober. It is always possible to get rid of a Manganja intruder by proposing to wash him! Washing, indeed, is a process of which these interesting people seem absolutely ignorant, though an aged person confessed to Dr Livingstone that he did remember to have washed himself on one occasion, but it was so long ago that he had quite forgotten how he felt. As a natural consequence, skin diseases are very prevalent, and many of the Manganja seem to suffer from a kind of leprosy.

As for sobriety, this is a virtue as little cultivated among them as cleanliness. Their native beer is of the

weakest quality, yet by copious and constant libations they contrive to intoxicate themselves upon it. We use the word "beer," because travellers use it; but the reader must not suppose that the African liquor resembles the brewings of Buxton and Guinness, Bass and Allsop. Its appearance is more like that of a thick, pinkish, slabby gruel. It is made by pounding the vegetating grain, mixing it with a liberal supply of water, boiling the mixture, and allowing it to ferment. When it has stood for two or three days, its flavour is not unpleasant, and as it is a sweetish-acid, or acidulated saccharine, it has the valuable property of quenching thirst.

From this digression we return to Dr Livingstone's excursions. He discovered the Shire in January 1857, and ascended it for about a hundred miles, until stopped by some magnificent cataracts. To these, in grateful recollection of his friend, the distinguished geologist and geographer, he gave the name of the Murchison Falls.

In 1859 he again ascended the Shire, and landed at a village belonging to a friendly chief, named Chibisa, about ten miles below the cataracts. Thence, with one of his own party, and a small body of his old Makololo friends, he struck across an unexplored country in search of Lake Shirwa. After encountering and conquering many difficulties, he succeeded in his quest, and added to our list of known African lakes a noble basin of water, measuring about eighty miles in length by twenty miles in breadth, and situated at an elevation of 1500 feet above the sea.

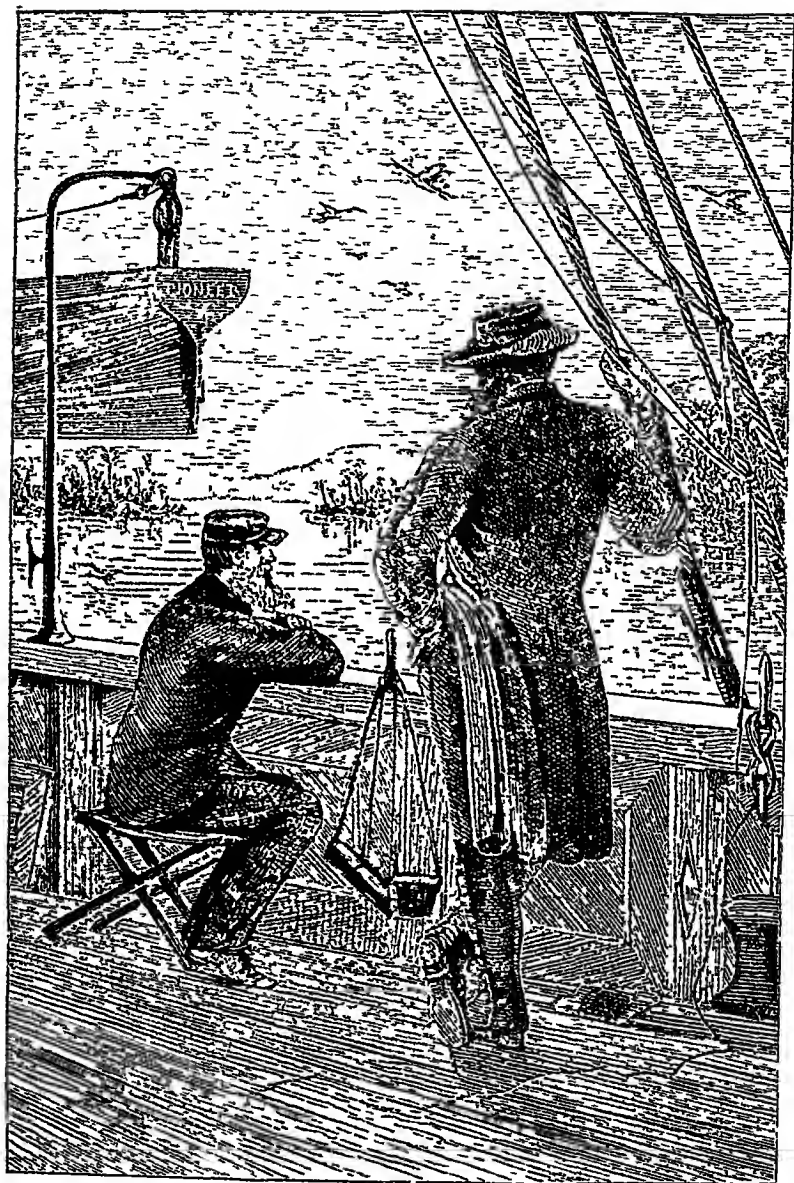
Retracing his course to the Shire, Livingstone

dropped down to Kongone to obtain a fresh supply of provisions, and repair his little steamer, the *Ma Robert*. But the latter proved to be in a condition that defied patching, and Livingstone was compelled to rest contented with it. Once more he ascended the Shire, falling in, *en route*, with a herd of no fewer than eight hundred elephants. On the 28th of August he disembarked, and with four white men, and thirty-six Makololo, proceeded in search of the great inland sea, the Lake Nyassa, which had long been the source of fables, legends, and speculations. He crossed a hilly, fertile, and pleasant country, studded with numerous quiet hamlets, and reached the summit of a table-land, 3000 feet above the sea, which overhung the wooded shores of Lake Shinwa, and commanded a prospect not less splendid than extensive. Keeping along its slopes, he descended into the upper valley of the Shire, which he struck at a point above the Murchison Falls, and through a succession of striking landscapes he made his way to the Nyassa, reaching its shining waters on the 16th of September. The overflow of this great inland sea is carried off by the Shire, which waters a cotton-growing valley of astonishing fertility. Unfortunately, it is swept by the ravages of the slave-trade, but before long the combined efforts of Christian missionaries and British merchants may be expected to relieve its inhabitants from this terrible scourge, and to assist them in developing its extraordinary resources. In itself it is well-fitted to feed a large and growing commerce.

After a journey of forty days' duration Livingstone returned to the Shire, and steamed down the river to Tette, where he arrived on the 25th of April 1860.

The next six months were spent in a visit to Sekeletu and his Makololo subjects. Then the unwearied explorer again returned to Tette, and on the 31st of January 1861, had the satisfaction of welcoming the arrival of his new exploring vessel, the *Pioneer*. At the same time the Oxford and Cambridge Mission—so called because its expenses were defrayed by the two universities—arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, in charge of the devoted and gentle-hearted Bishop Mackenzie, for the purpose of making known the glad tidings of Christianity to the peoples inhabiting the Shire valley and the countries round Lake Nyassa. The bishop and the traveller proceeded to explore the Rovuma, but its shallowness prevented them from ascending above thirty miles. Accordingly they returned to the Zambesi, and taking up their companions, went on their way rejoicing.

Unfortunately, the *Pioneer* drew too much water to be useful in the shallow rivers of Central Africa, and Livingstone sent an order to England for a light steamer, to be built in three sections, the draught of which should not exceed three feet. Towards the close of January 1862 it arrived, and also Livingstone's noble-hearted wife, and some ladies of the missionary party. The latter, however, soon received the sad intelligence that Bishop Mackenzie had fallen a victim to the deadly climate. Messrs Dickinson and Scudamore soon afterwards succumbed, and the next victim was Mrs Livingstone herself. Her death was a great blow to her husband, and he turned impatiently from his sorrow to resume his explorations. For a man like him work was the best remedy for life's misfortunes. He continued his survey of the great river and its



LIVINGSTONE AND MACKENZIE ON THE ZAMBESI



tributaries, until he was recalled by Earl Russell, whereupon he navigated his little steamer himself from Zanzibar to Bombay, a distance of 2500 miles. There he sold it for about one-third of what it had cost him, and placed the money in the hands of a banker, who soon afterwards failed.

- Livingstone returned to England, and visited his friend, Mr Webb, at Newstead, where he wrote, between August 1864 and April 1865, his valuable and interesting work on "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." Then, urged on by numerous friends, and by his own adventurous temperament, he began to prepare for his third great expedition, in which he purposed to explore the unknown country between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika. The funds were supplied by private friends, aided by the British Government and the Geographical Society, and they were applied with so much energy, that Livingstone was able to start from England on the 14th of August 1865. He proceeded direct to Bombay, where he obtained from the Nassick School the services of some young liberated slaves, who had been educated under Christian supervision.
- On March 28, 1866, the little company crossed from Zanzibar to the mainland of Africa, and at once penetrated into the interior by way of the River Rovuma. So far, his friends were able to trace his steps, and then—a veil of darkness suddenly descended upon the scene! Livingstone seemed to have passed behind some mysterious cloud. For months no intelligence of his movements reached expectant England, and great was the shock, therefore, when one of his escort, a native of the island of Johanna, suddenly arrived at

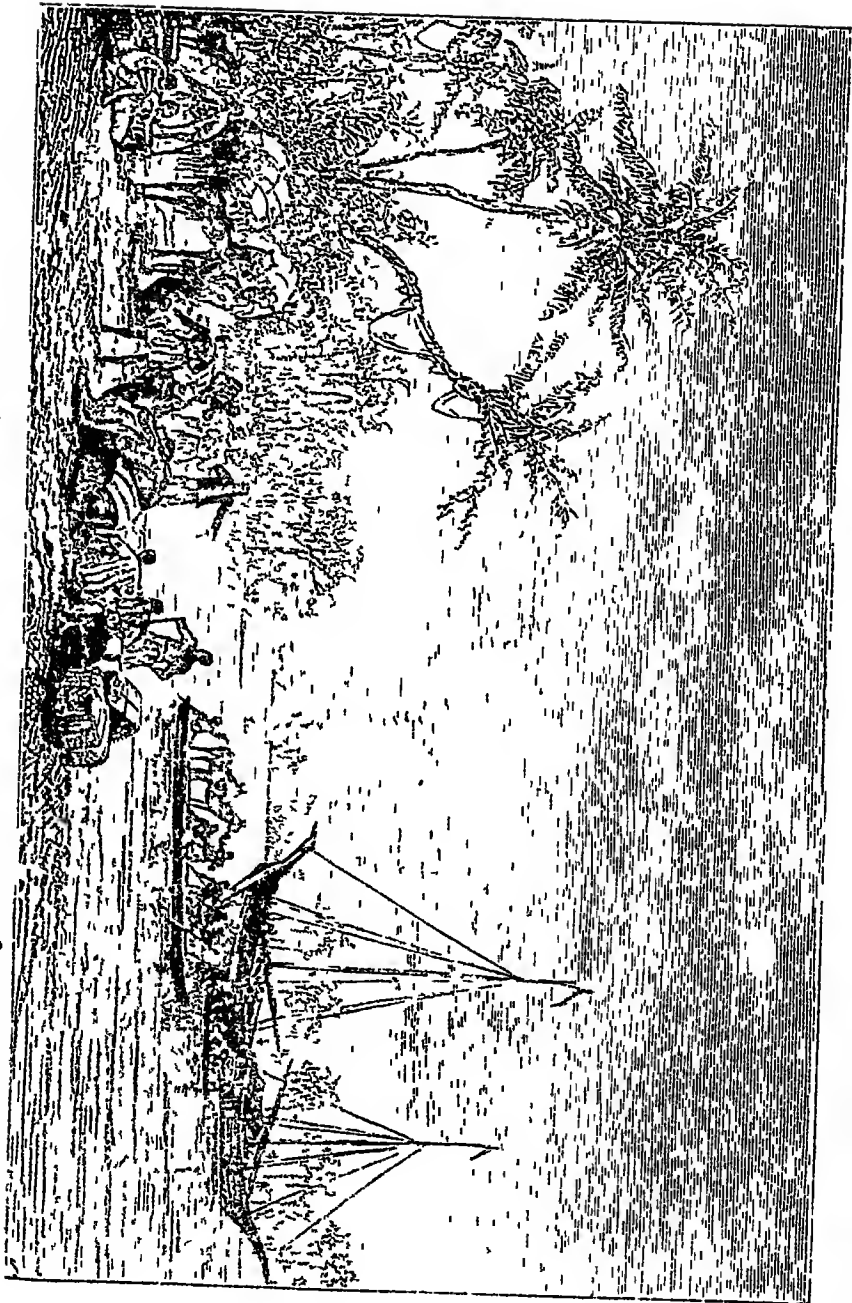
Zanzibar, with a report that the undaunted traveller had been murdered on the shores of Lake Nyassa by a party of the Mazitu tribe. He asserted that some Sepoys, whom Livingstone had enlisted at Bombay, had previously been discharged and sent home ill,—and that the small band who remained had not been strong enough to protect Livingstone, and were either dispersed or slain.

Some discrepancies in the man's narrative led Sir Roderick Murchison and others to disbelieve it, and they solicited the Government to equip a boat-expedition for Lake Nyassa, that accurate intelligence of the explorer's movements might, if possible, be obtained.

Such an expedition was despatched, under the command of Mr Young and Lieutenant Faulkner, who made their way to the Nyassa, and learned that, though the Sepoys had indeed been dismissed, owing to their inability to bear the climate, no mishap had occurred to Livingstone himself, he had pushed forward in excellent health and spirits. Two years later, letters from Livingstone, which had been written as far back as February 1867, reached England, and set at ease the minds of his friends and the public generally. In July 1868 he wrote again, from the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, and alluded to interesting discoveries he had made to the south and south-west of Lake Tanganyika. And on May 30, 1869, he wrote a third time, from Ujiji. Then another long interval of silence succeeded, until the public anxiety was once more aroused.

This led to the remarkable undertaking on the part of the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, who conceived the idea of discovering Livingstone, and resolved

• LIVINGSTONE EMBARKING AT ZANZIBAR •



that one of his energetic employes would be most likely to carry it out successfully. Mr H. M. Stanley accepted the commission, and being liberally supplied with funds, arrived at Zanzibar in January 1871. Here he collected the requisite stores, and hired a discharged mate named Shaw, and five men who had served under Captain Speke, and were known as Speke's "Faithfuls." With this escort he pushed into the interior, meeting with many adventures, and following up in the main the inland route, which is now tolerably familiar to the public.

On the two hundred and thirty-sixth day after his departure from Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar, he reached Ujiji.

He had previously (on the 2nd of November) received some information from a caravan that had been travelling to the south-west of the Tanganyika, which had fired him with hopes of accomplishing the object of his journey. He was told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyema.

"A white man?"

"Yes, a white man."

"How is he dressed?"

"Like you."

"Is he young or old?"

"Old. He has white hair on his face, and he is sick."

"Where does he come from?"

"From a very far country."

"Was he ever here before?"

"Yes; he went away a long time ago."

"Hurrah!" thought the young explorer, "this is Livingstone! this *must* be Livingstone! I must push on quickly, or he may go away."

Owing to various circumstances, however, a delay of some days occurred, which roused Stanley to an almost uncontrollable pitch of excitement. Then the march was resumed, and he and his followers entered the hilly borders of Ujiji. Up the hill, steep as it is, they pressed with unflagging energy, and soon they gained the summit. What do they see from this lofty watch-tower? A silvery gleam in the hollow beneath, and that gleam reveals to them Africa's great lake, the Tanganyika,—the southernmost reservoir, it is supposed, of the Nile. Yonder lie the blue-black mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba. "An immense broad sheet, a burnished bed of silver—lucid canopy of blue above—lofty mountains are its valances, palm forests form its fringes! The Tanganyika!"

They descended the western slope of the mountain, and pushed forward into the fertile country of the Wajiji, with its graceful palms, neat plots, and small villages enclosed by frail fences of the matete-cane. Another ascent rose before them, but it was the last. From its crest they saw the port of Ujiji before them, embowered in the palms, and only five hundred yards distant! "At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills that we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor the dangers and difficulties now happily surmounted. At last the sublime hour has arrived"—our dreams, our hopes and anticipations are now about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try



STANLEY'S FIRST SIGHT OF LAKE TANGANYIKA

to make out in which hut or house lives the white man with the gray beard we heard about on the Malagarazi ”

They unfurled then flags, and fired a volley of nearly fifty guns, which every echo repeated throughout that silent country. Almost immediately they were surrounded by crowds of natives, and amid their boisterous welcomes they marched towards the village. And here an interview took place which the attendant circumstances rendered one of the most memorable the page of history records. In the heart of Africa met the two white men, sons of the same great race, and yet of different nationalities, American* and Briton, the seeker and the sought, Stanley and Livingstone. Let us describe it in the former's own words —

I pushed back the crowds, says Stanley, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of a semicircle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob, would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me, so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing — walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said,—

“Dr Livingstone, I presume?”

* It is said, however, that Mr Stanley is by birth a Welshman

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud,—

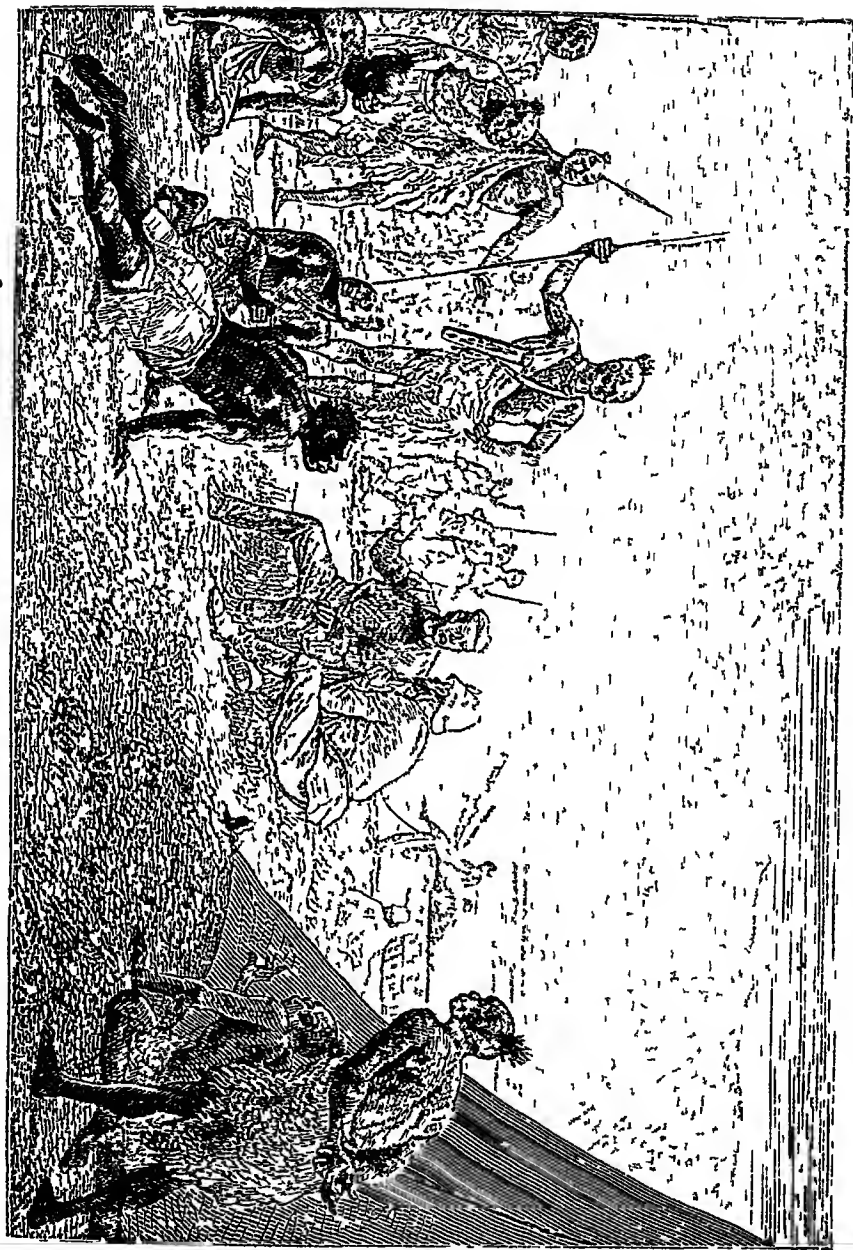
"I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you"

He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you"

And then the two retired into the doctor's tembe, where each had so much to tell and so much to hear

Then long conversation after a while was interrupted by the appearance of refreshments, sent in by the hospitable Arabs, a dish of hot hashed-meat cakes and a curried chicken from one, and a dish of stewed goat-meat and rice from another. Then Stanley be-thought himself of a bottle of Sillery champagne which he had carried across Africa in expectation of this very occasion, and sending his boy Selim for it, and for two small silver goblets, the white men pledged each other in their little hut on the borders of the Tanganyika

The day, however, like all others, pregnant as it was with the joy of hope fulfilled, was fading away. Sitting with their faces to the east, the two friends watched the dark shadows hovering over the palm-groves above the village, and creeping up the distant mountain-sides and they listened, their hearts full of gratitude to God, the Author and Giver of all good things, to the loud thunder of the surf of Tanganyika, and to the constant hum of the nocturnal insects. Hours passed, and they still sat there, with minds intent on all that the day had brought forth, when Stanley



remembered that the traveller had not yet read his letters

"Doctor," he said, "you had better read your letters"

"Yes," he answered, "it is getting late—and I will go and read my friends' letters Good-night; and God bless you"

"Good-night, my dear doctor, and let me hope that your news will be such as you desire"

Here we must interrupt our narrative, to sketch very briefly the adventures of Livingstone between May 30, 1869, when he wrote to England from Ujiji, and October 29, 1871,—the day on which he was "discovered" by Stanley

Crossing the Tanganyika, Livingstone landed in Uguhu, whence, accompanied by several Arabs, he directed his steps towards Manyema, a country then absolutely unknown He found it thickly peopled, and covered with villages which nestled in the shade of the elais palm In September he crossed a range of granite mountains, the rugged defiles of which were filled with great trees, and enlivened by the gleam of foaming torrents The roads were carried everywhere along the summits of the mountains, the wooded and almost impenetrable ravines being carefully avoided

Bending his course towards the Lualaba, at first in a westerly and afterwards in a south-westerly direction, the explorer entered upon a land of considerable beauty, with villages picturesquely planted on the crags and terraces of the heights This situation afforded a good natural drainage in the rainy season, and the streets generally ran from east to west, in order that

the sun might dry them quickly. They were laid out almost at right angles with each other, and at each end stood a building for public assemblies, facing the middle of the causeway. The roofs were low, but well-constructed, and covered with the tenacious foliage of a tree of the euphorbia species. The interior of the houses was remarkable for cleanliness and comfort. In localities where the south-east rains prevail, the back of the house is always turned towards them, and the roof descends so low that the deluge cannot touch the wall. Though of clay, these buildings stand for many years, and it often happens that men return to the village which they have quitted in their infancy, and repair the walls of their home, if they have suffered any damage.

Livingstone describes the land of the Manyemas as everywhere gracious and attractive. Palm-trees cover the loftiest mountain-crests, where their elegantly curved fronds, stirred lightly by the wind, wave to and fro with sovereign beauty. The woods, generally from five to seven miles in extent, which interpose between the groups of villages, are immeasurably rich. Innumerable lianas, each as thick as a stout cable, hang from the huge branches in an inextricable network. Apes abound everywhere, and strange birds, and fruits unknown to the European palate.

The soil is exceedingly fertile, and the inhabitants, though divided by traditions of ancient enmities, cultivate it extensively and with care. By selection they have produced a variety of maize, the ear of which has a peduncle curved like a scythe. During the formation of the grain, the bend of the stem is so directed that the envelope or sheath falls back upon

HUNTING SOKO



the ear, and covers it. The natives make great hedges, sixteen feet high and more, to separate the fields, by planting stakes, which take root, and throw out shoots, like those of Robinson Crusoe, and never wither. Festoons of bananas are extended from stake to stake, and, after the harvest, the maize-ears cling to these festoons by their hooked extremities. This vertical granary surrounds the village like a wall, and the inhabitants, who are of a generous disposition, give of it freely to strangers.

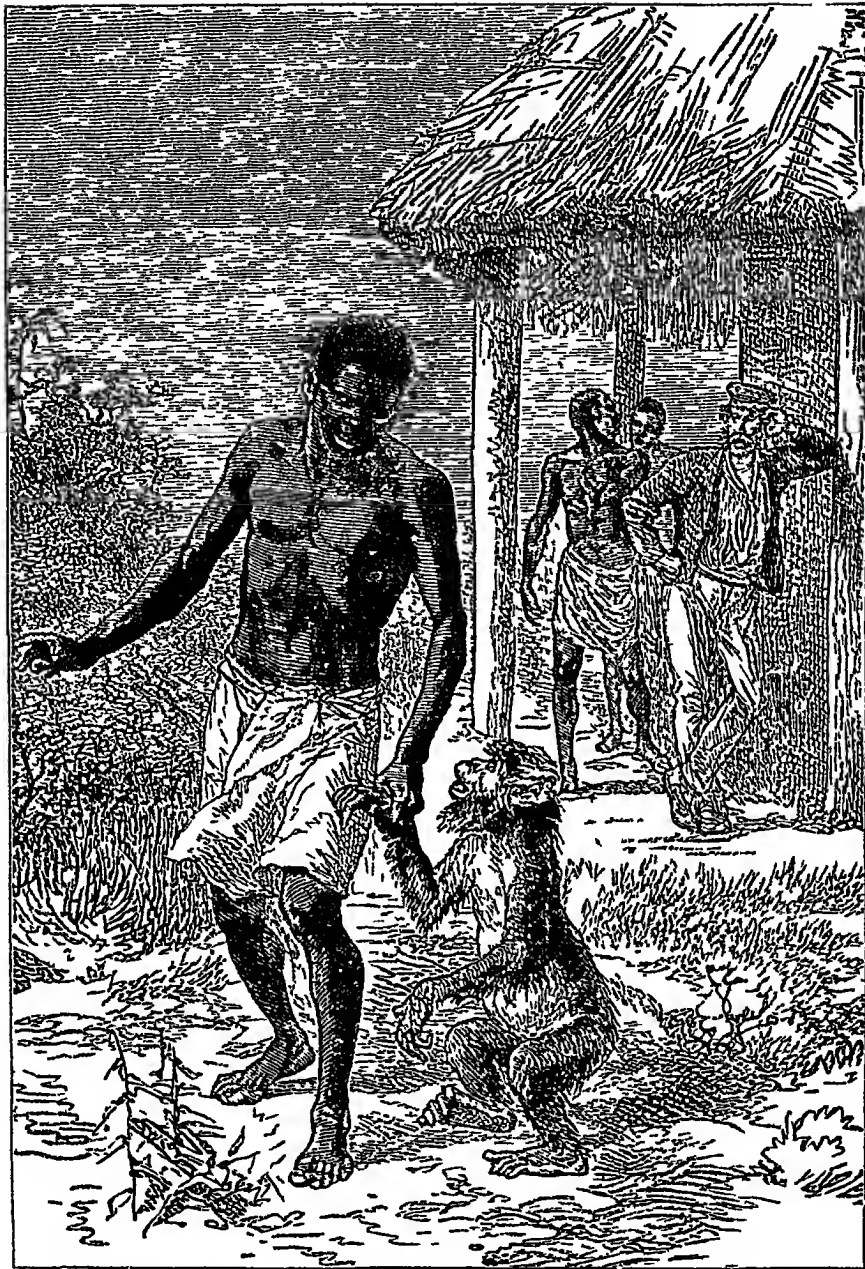
In January 1870, Livingstone entered a country of a very different character, watered by the Lovanes, and covered with a dense jungle of vegetation which only the elephant can penetrate. He was unable to obtain any information as to the whereabouts of the Lualaba, and he suffered much from exposure to the incessant rains. On the 7th of March he reached the camp of Moinemokara, or Katomba, where he was hospitably received, and took up his winter-quarters. Rest and proper food soon recruited his exhausted energies. On the 27th of May, with three attendants, Suzi, Chuma, and Gardner, he resumed his march, crossing the Layya, an affluent of the Lualaba, and still pressing towards the latter river. But a new affliction befell him, for the first time in all his wanderings, he suffered from ulcerated feet; and being compelled to abandon his intention of reaching the Lualaba, he took the road to Bambará.

On the 24th of August, Livingstone records that the natives had killed four "gorillas,"—probably he means chumpanzees,—called by the natives "sokos." And he goes on to say —The soko often walks erect, but when he does so puts his hands on his head to

preserve his equilibrium. In this attitude he looks extremely awkward. The other animals of the country are graceful and pleasant to see, the natives are well-made, supple, and nimbler, but an adult soko might pass perfectly for the popular idea of the Evil One. The bright yellow of his complexion brings out in frightful contrast his whiskers and the bristles of his scanty beard. His forehead, villainously low, is flanked by ears placed high up the head, and surmounts a face which is unworthy of being compared with that of a dog. The teeth are to some extent human, but the large canines indicate the beast. The hands, or rather fingers, resemble those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the Manyemas affirm that it is delicious. The eagerness with which they devour it, induces the supposition that through eating the soko they arrived at cannibalism.

He is represented as gifted with considerable intelligence. Discovering when the natives are at work, he enters their huts and steals their children, carrying them off to the tree-tops. Generally, however, he is not proof against the seduction of a cluster of bananas, when one is offered to him, he descends, and leaves the little negro to gather fruit. He does not willingly attack man, and rarely one without weapons, and seeing that the women do him no harm, he never molests them. The natives hunt him with spears, his resistance is always obstinate, and a wounded and furious soko is no trivial adversary.

A present of a young female soko was made to Livingstone by the chief Katomba. When seated, she was only eighteen inches high, her body was



KATOMBA S PRESENT

covered all over with long black hair, which looked well enough when kept in order by her mother. She was the kindest, so far as Livingstone's experience went, of all the Simians. She appeared to know that he was her friend, and would rest tranquilly on the mat by his side. It was curious to notice that in walking she leaned upon the back of the second joint of the toes, and not on the palm of the hands, the joints scarcely touched the ground, the nails not at all. She used her arms as crutches to raise herself, and then projected her body through her two supports. Sometimes one of her fore paws was placed before the other, and moved alternately with the hind paws, or she walked erect, and stretched out her hand for some one to take hold of it. If it were refused, she lowered her head, and her face underwent those contractions which in the human face produce the bitterest tears, she wrung her hands, offered them a second time, and even a third, to render the appeal more touching. She collected leaves and grass for her bed, and would suffer no one to touch her property. A more engaging little creature could not be, she took an immediate liking to Livingstone, chirped to him a salute, smelt his clothes, and gave him her hand. She would stretch out her arms for some one to take her up and carry her, just like a child, and if she received no attention, raised a loud cry of anger like the scream of a kite, wrung her hands as if in despair, and in the most natural manner possible. She ate everything, made her bed every day, covering it with a mat to sleep on; and cleaned her face with a leaf.

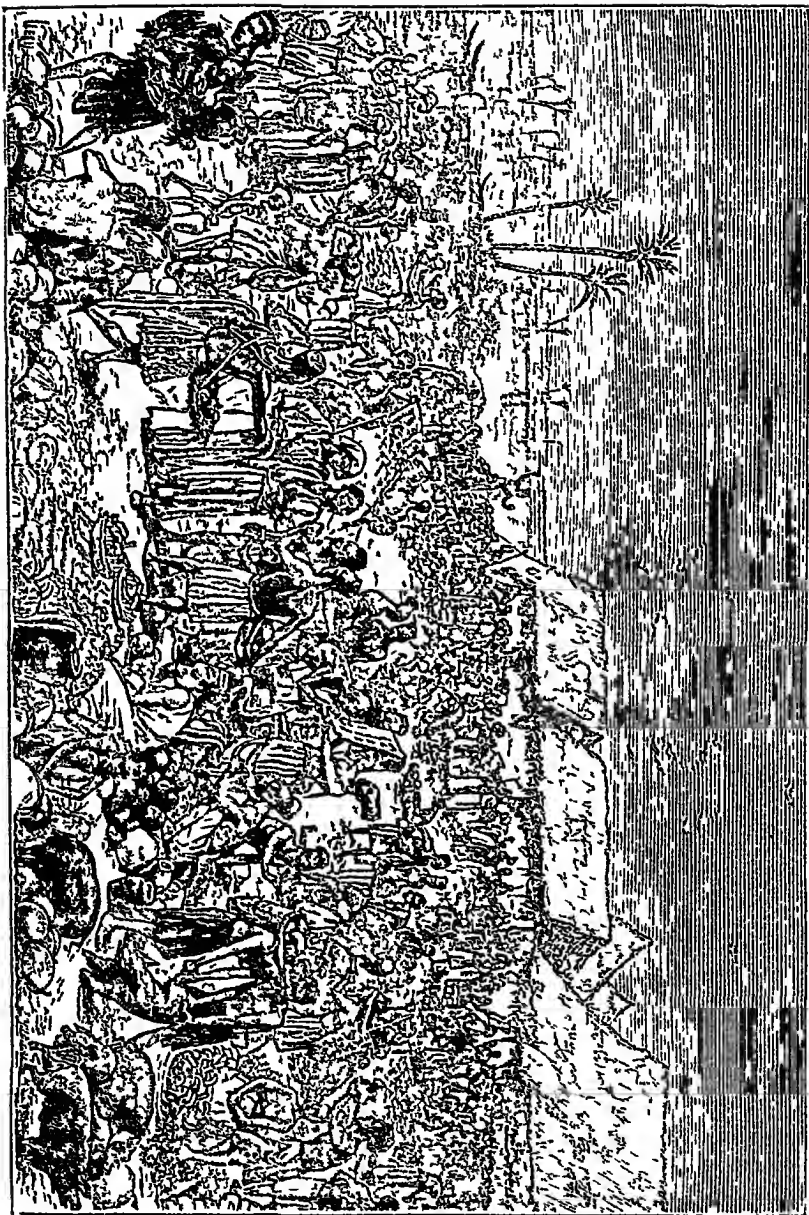
In January 1871 Livingstone was still at Bam-

barra. He left on the 16th of February, and again bent his steps towards the Lualaba. The country through which he passed was undulating, and so well watered that on one occasion he crossed fourteen streams, from three to fifteen feet broad, in six hours. On the 5th of March he reached some pleasant villages clinging to the slopes of wooded hills. In front of the door of many of the houses is a small verandah. at daybreak all the family assemble there round a fire, which the morning freshness renders necessary and while enjoying its warmth, they breathe the pure air, and gossip about their domestic affairs. The surrounding foliage, so various in form, sparkles with a myriad dew-drops. the cocks crow lustily and strut about pompously, the kids gambol, and leap on the back of their mothers, which patiently ruminate, while the elder engage in mock combats. Such a scene produces on the traveller's mind a peaceful impression.

On the 29th of March Livingstone reached the Lualaba, which, at the point where he struck it, was fully two thousand seven hundred yards wide: its surface sprinkled with islands, while its banks were high and steep. The natives told him that it overflowed annually, like the "Father of Egypt," the Nile. Livingstone sounded it, and found it nine feet deep near the margin, fifteen feet in the middle, and at some points as much as twenty feet. Truly a noble river!

In its immediate vicinity is held the great market of the country, attended daily by seven hundred to three thousand persons. An animated spectacle! Fishermen come and go with smoked fish spitted on small sticks, or with vessels of water containing

MARKET ON THE BANK OF THE LUALABA.



lepidosorius, the fatness of which they loudly extol Others run here and there, offering snails of two kinds for sale, or white ants grilled or fried The purchaser has his choice of corn, manioc, meal, vegetables, bananas, palm-oil, salt, pepper, grass-cloth, mats, baskets, poultry; all, the produce of the country, or of the industry of the inhabitants Endless the disputes between vendor and buyer, one praising the quality of his or her wares, the other disparaging them Perspiration gathers in bead-drops on every forehead, the cocks crow loudly, though slung, with head downwards, to the shoulder of their owner, the pigs squeal in the most ear-piercing fashion Iron loops, stretched out at each end so that the buyer may judge of the goodness of the metal, are exchanged against a tissue made of the fibres of the palm-leaf Men promenaded affectedly, clothed in short kilts of numerous folds and "loud" colours Women work heartily, clinking their pottery to prove that it is without defect It is extraordinary with what vehemence of assertion every little transaction is effected All creation is called to witness to the truth of a statement, however trifling Yet everything is done honestly and in good faith, when differences occur, appeal is made to the judgment of the bystanders, and at bottom everybody possesses a lively sense of justice

On the 20th of July Livingstone set out on his return to Ujiji A few days afterwards he had a narrow escape in an ambuscade prepared by the natives for an Arab caravan he had fallen in with Providence watched over him, and he continued his journey in safety His journals record minutely its

various stages, Mahomela, Lohombo, Komla. It records also his physical sufferings, and the extent to which he suffered from disease and exhaustion. His feet bled at every step, and his eyes were inflamed with the keen irritating dust. On the 16th of October he stood once more on the western shore of the Tanganyika, and having purchased a good canoe, embarked for Ujiji, where he arrived on the 23rd. His stock of cotton and beads was spent, and he feared he should have to depend on the mutable benevolence of the natives until supplies reached him from the coast. Happily, the opportune arrival of Stanley relieved him from all embarrassment.

We now return to their auspicious meeting.

Next morning, when Stanley woke, he found it difficult to believe that he had discovered Livingstone, and was resting under his roof. He dressed himself quietly, intending to take a stroll along the Tanganyika before the doctor should rise, but found him in the verandah. "Now, doctor," said the young American, who with so much courage had traced his footsteps, "you are probably wondering why I came here!"

"It is true," said he, "I have been wondering. I thought you, at first, an emissary of the French Government. I heard you had boats, plenty of men and stores, and I really believed you were some French officer, until I saw the American flag. And, to tell you the truth, I was rather glad it was so, because I could not have talked to him in French, and if he did not know English, we had been a pretty pair of white men in Ujiji! I did not like to ask you yesterday, because it was none of my business."

"Well," said Stanley, laughing, "for your sake I am glad that I am an American, and not a Frenchman, and that we can understand each other perfectly without an interpreter. But, seriously, doctor—now don't be frightened when I tell you that I have come after—*you*!"

"After me?"

"Yes. You have heard of the *New York Herald*?"

"Oh! who has not heard of that newspaper?"

Mr Stanley then explained that he had been commissioned by the son of its proprietor to "find Livingstone," and render him all the assistance he needed, and the doctor expressed his sense of the young American's generous enterprise.

"I am very much obliged to him," he said, "and I am proud to know that you Americans think so much of me. You have just come in the proper time; for I should soon have had to beg from the Arabs. Even they are in want of cloths, and there are few beads left in Ujiji."

Peacefully and happily the days glided by in the shade of the palms of Ujiji. Livingstone rapidly improved in health, and recovered his spirits. His enthusiasm for his work revived, and he felt an intense desire to be up and doing. But what could he hope to accomplish, reduced as he was to five men and fifteen or twenty pieces of cloth?

"Have you seen the northern head of the Tanganyika, doctor?" Stanley asked one day.

"No, I did try to go there, but the Wajiji were doing their best to fleece me, as they did both Burton and Speke, and I had not a great deal of cloth. If I had gone to the head of the Tanganyika, I could not

have gone to Manyuema. The central line of drainage was the most important, and that is the Lualaba. Before this line the question whether there is a connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza sinks into insignificance. The great line of drainage is the river flowing from latitude 11° S, which I followed for over seven degrees northward. The Chambezi—the name given to its most southern extremity—drains a large tract of country south of the southernmost source of the Tanganyika, it must, therefore, be the most important. I have not the least doubt myself but that this lake is the Upper Tanganyika, and the Albert Nyanza of Baker is the Lower Tanganyika, which are connected by a river flowing from the upper to the lower. This is my belief, based upon reports of the Arabs, and a test I made of the flow with water-plants."

"Well, if I were you, doctor, I should explore it before leaving Ujiji, and settle the doubts on the subject. The Royal Geographical Society attach much importance to it, and think you are the only man who can settle it. If I can be of any use, command me. Though I did not come out as an explorer, I have a good deal of curiosity on the subject, and should be willing to accompany you. I have about twenty men who understand rowing, plenty of guns, cloth, and beads, and if we can get a canoe from the Arabs, we can manage the thing easily."

"Oh, we can get a canoe from Sayd bin Majid. This man has been very kind to me, and if ever there was an Arab gentleman, he is one."

"Then it is settled, is it, that we go?"

"I am ready whenever you are."

"I am at your command Don't you hear my men call you the 'Great Master,' and me the 'Little Master'? It would never do for the 'Little Master' to command"

At this time Dr Livingstone was about sixty years old, though, having recovered his health, he appeared more like a man who had not passed his fiftieth His hair had still a brownish colour about it, though here and there streaked with gray lines over the temples, his beard and moustache were very gray His eyes, of a hazel hue, were remarkably bright, and his vision was keen as a hawk's In stature he was a little above the ordinary height, with the slightest possible bend in the shoulders When walking, his tread was firm but heavy, like that of an overworked or weary man. He was accustomed to wear a naval cap with a semicircular peak, by which he had been identified throughout Africa. In dress he was scrupulously clean.

As to his character "I grant," says Stanley, with much naïveté, "he is not an angel, but he approaches to that being as near as the nature of a living man will allow" He was somewhat reserved, yet he possessed a fund of quiet humour, on which he drew freely when among friends He was a man of lofty mind and generous nature There was much in him that was truly heroic, and he could not be conquered by difficulties or adverse circumstances Animated by a strong sense of duty, he sacrificed his home and ease, the pleasures, luxuries, and refinements of civilized life, to the grand work of opening up Africa to Christianity and civilization.

Stanley was specially impressed by the wonderfully retentive memory of the man. He could recite whole poems from Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, Burns, Whittier, Lowell. Then, again, he was a profoundly religious man. His religion was not theoretical, indeed, nor was it demonstrative and loud, it was the religion of a simple faith animating a pure, earnest, and honourable life. Without it, Livingstone, a man of ardent temperament, strong enthusiasm, high spirit, and unquailing courage, would have become a hard master and stern companion. But religion had moulded him into a Christian gentleman. Through his uniform kindness and gentle temper he won all hearts. Stanley observed that everywhere he was treated with the utmost respect. Even the Mohammedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments, and to say, "The blessing of God rest on you." Every Sunday morning he gathered his little flock around him, and read prayers and a chapter from the Bible, after which he delivered a short and simple address on its principal points in the Kisawahili language.

In about a week Livingstone and Stanley had completed their preparations, and in Sayd bin Majid's canoe they started on their cruise. Livingstone had hired two Wajiji guides, and his design was to reach the head of the lake, and ascertain whether the River Rusizi flowed *into* or *out of* it, and, afterwards, to accompany Stanley to Uvyanjembe, and wait there while the latter hastened to the coast, organized a new escort of picked men, well-armed, and despatched them to his assistance.

Their cruise was at first interrupted by illness. Livingstone quickly recovered. Stanley suffered more severely, but, through his companion's unwearied attention, struggled through the fever.

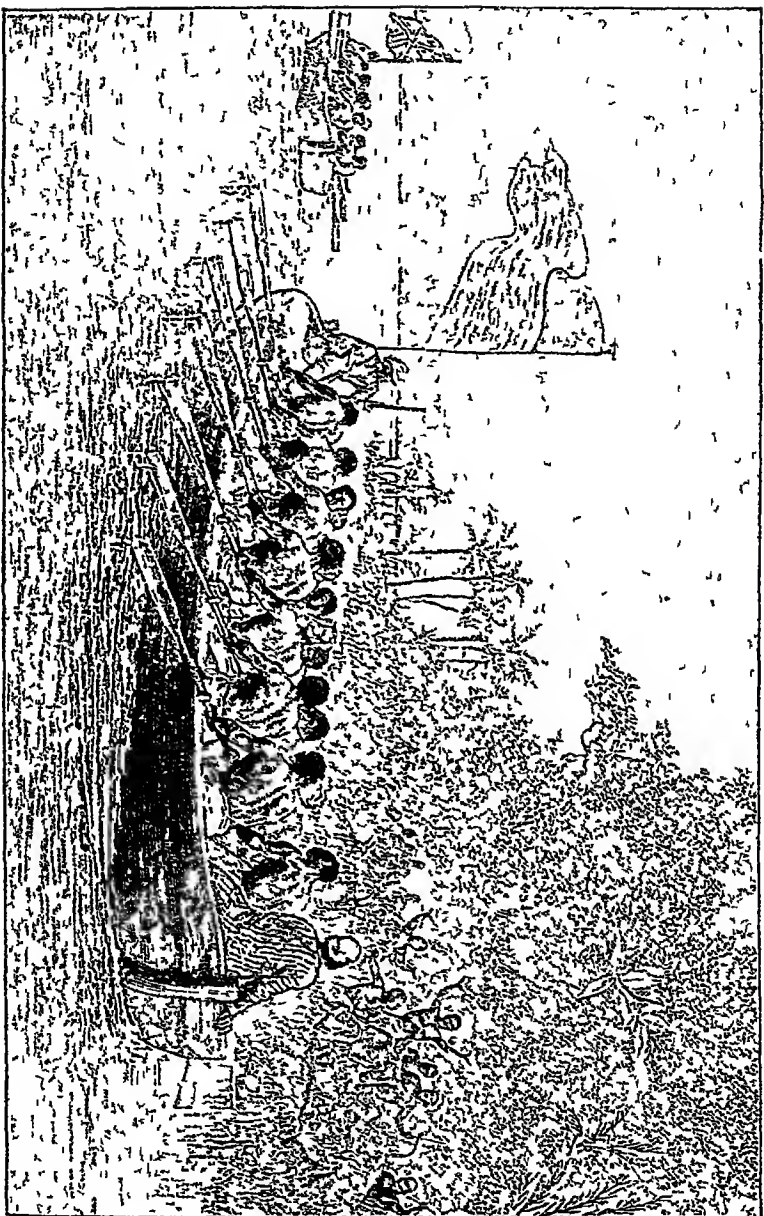
On the third day of their cruise they reached Zassani river and village, where the picturesque mountains rise 2000 and 2500 feet above the level of the lake. The fourth day brought them to the low sandy island of Nyabigma, in the territory of Uundi, and the fifth to Mukunga, where the natives plundered them sadly during the drunken sleep of their guards. On the sixth day they passed the mouths of several rivers, and wound their way along a remarkably pretty coast to Cape Sentaksyi, where they encamped for refreshment and repose. Afterwards they pushed on to Mugeyo, and the next day to Cape Magala. On the ninth morning they passed the broad delta of the Mugeie, and reached a village belonging to the chief Mukamba. Here their reception was very hospitable. Two days later they rowed across the shining waters to Mugihewa, which is situated in the delta of the Rusizi river. Mustering ten strong paddlers, on the second morning after their arrival at Mugihewa they started to explore the mouth of the river and the head of the lake.

They found the northern shore broken up by seven fine bays, measuring from one and a half to three miles in breadth, and separated from one another by long broad tongues of sand, overgrown with matete grass. The delta of the Rusizi lay at the head of the fourth of these, starting from west to east. Soundings indicated six feet deep, and this depth was maintained till within a few hundred yards of the principal mouth

of the Rusizi. The current was very sluggish, not exceeding a mile an hour. Though the two explorers were vigilantly looking out, they could not discover the main channel until within two hundred yards of it, and then only by watching from what outlet the fishing-canoes emerged. At this point the bay had narrowed to less than a furlong in breadth. Preceded by a small flotilla of canoes, they ascended the stream, which was very rapid, though not more than ten yards wide, and very shallow—not above two feet deep. They ascended for about half a mile against a current which ran at the rate of six to eight miles an hour; and thence they could see that the river broadened and spread out into a myriad channels, rushing by isolated clumps of sedge and matete grass. The question was settled: there could be no doubt that the Rusizi flowed *into* Tanganyika. That the great lake would have an outlet *somewhere*, remained Dr. Livingstone's conjecture, but certainly that outlet was not the Rusizi.

Having accomplished their task, they set out on their return, at leisure to watch the romantic scenes which unfolded themselves in quick succession.

The western shores of the lake, as they proceeded (we are adopting Stanley's description), were loftier and bolder than the wooded heights of Urundi and the bearded knolls of Ujiji. A back ridge—the vanguard of the mountains which rise beyond—disclosed itself between the serrated tops of the front line of mountains, which rose to a height of from 2500 to 3000 feet above the lake. Within the folds of the front line of mountains rise isolated hills



● LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY ON LAKE TANGANYIKA ●

of considerable magnitude, precipitous and abrupt, but scenically very picturesque. The greater part of these hills have the rounded and smooth top, or are tabularly summited. The ridge enfolding these hills shoots out, at intervals, promontorial projections of gradual sloping outlines. Often these capes are formed by the alluvial plains, through which we may be sure a river will be found flowing. These pretty alluvial plains, enfolded on the south, the west, and the north by a grand mountain arc, present most luxurious and enchanting scenery. The vegetation seems to be of spontaneous growth. Groups of the *Elœis Guinensis* palm embowering some dun-brown village, an array of majestic, superb growth of mvule trees, a broad extent covered with vivid green sorghum stalks, parachute-like tops of mimosa, a line of white sand, on which native canoes are drawn far above the reach of the plangent, uneasy surf, fishermen idly reclining in the shade of a tree;—these are scenes revealed to the traveller as he voyages on the Tanganyika. When wearied with the romance of wild tropic scenes such as these, we have but to lift our eyes to the great mountain-tops looming darkly and grandly on our right; to watch the light-pencilling of the cirrus, brushing their summits, as it is drifted towards the north by the rising wind, to watch the changing forms which the clouds assume, from the fleecy horizontal bars of the cirrus to the denser, gloomier cumulus, prognosticator of storm and rain, which soon settles into a portentous group—Alps above Alps, one above another.

On the 11th of December they reached Ujiji, having

traversed three hundred miles of water in twenty-eight days. And they felt quite at home again when they sat down on their black bear-skin, gay Persian carpet, and clean new mats, sipping their tea with a sensation of extreme comfort, and chatting over the incidents of their "picnic," as Livingstone termed the Tanganyika expedition. They spent their Christmas together—a right royal Christmas—with a feast worthy of a king's table and then, on the 27th, both of them departed from Ujiji, and proceeded on their way to Unyanyembe. This place they reached on the 18th of February 1872, and there they found many packets of interesting letters and papers awaiting them.

Stanley now handed over to Livingstone so much of his stores as had escaped the hands of plunderers, being about four years' supply of goods fitted for barter, and of various comforts and luxuries calculated to cheer the days of a wanderer in a foreign land. Livingstone drew up a list of such other articles as were needed to complete the outfit of a new expedition, and commissioned him to enlist at Zanzibar fifty freemen, armed with guns and hatchets, also bullets, flints, and gunpowder.

The 13th of March was the day fixed for Stanley's departure.

"To-morrow night, doctor, you will be alone!"

"Yes, the house will look as though a death had taken place. You had better stop until the rains, which are now near, are over."

"I would to God I could, my dear doctor, but every day I stop here, now that there is no necessity for me to stay longer, keeps you from your work and home."

"I know; but consider your health—you are not fit to travel. What is it? Only a few weeks longer. You will travel to the coast just as quickly when the rains are over as you will by going now. The plains will be inundated between here and the coast."

"You think so, but I will reach the coast in forty days. If not in forty, I will in fifty—certain. The thought that I am doing you an important service will spur me on."

At breakfast, neither Stanley nor Livingstone could eat. The former should have started at five A.M., but eight o'clock found him still lingering. At last came the order which might no longer be delayed.

"Now, my men, home! Kuangozi, lift the flag, and march!"

Livingstone and Stanley walked side by side. The men lifted up their voices in a song. Stanley took long earnest looks at Livingstone, to impress his features thoroughly on his memory.

The great traveller explained his future programme.

"When your men come back, I shall immediately start for Ufipa, then, crossing the Rungwa river, I shall strike south, and round the extremity of the Tanganyika. Then, a south-east course will take me to Chicumbi's, on the Luapula. On crossing the Luapula, I shall go direct west to the copper mines of Katanga. Eight days south of Katanga the natives declare the fountains to be. When I have found them, I shall return by Katanga to the underground houses of Rua. From the caverns, ten days north-east will take me to Lake Kamolondo. I shall be able to travel from the lake, in your boat, up the River Lufiri, to Lake Lincoln. Then, coming down again, I can proceed north,

by the Lualaba, to the fourth lake—which, I think, will explain the whole problem, and I will probably find that it is either Chowambe (Baker's lake) or Piaggia's lake"

"And how long do you think this little journey will take?"

"A year and a half, at the furthest, from the day I leave Unyanyembe"

"Suppose you say two years, contingencies might arise, you know. It will be well for me to hire these new men for two years, the day of their engagement to begin from their arrival at Unyanyembe."

"Yes, that will do excellently well."

"Now, my dear doctor, the best of friends must part. You have come far enough, let me beg of you to turn back."

"Well, I will say this to you. You have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell!"

"Farewell!"

They wrung each other's hands. Once more,—

"Good-bye, doctor—dear friend!"

"Good-bye!"

"MARCH!" And Stanley started on his journey to the coast, while Livingstone returned to Unyanyembe. It was the last time that he was seen alive by one of his own race and speech.

Livingstone's old and valued friend, Sir Roderick

Murchison, had passed away, after a long, useful, and distinguished life, about the very time that Stanley had discovered the great traveller in his hut on the shore of Lake Tanganyika. Of this, however, Livingstone was not aware, and his first act after parting with Stanley seems to have been to indite a letter to Sir Roderick. It never reached him, of course, but it has recently been recovered, and partly published by Livingstone's friends. It is dated "March 13, 1872," and refers to the obstacles he had encountered in the prosecution of his noble enterprise, the misconduct of his men, the loss of his stores and letters, and the miserable condition to which he had been reduced before Stanley appeared on the scene, and started him anew.

"Now," he says, "I am all right. I have abundant supplies of all I need to finish my work. I feel quite exhilarated by the prospect of starting back as soon as Mr Stanley can send me fifty freemen from the coast. When Zanzibar failed me so miserably, I only sat down at Ujiji till I should become strong, and then work my way down to M'teza. I am now strong and well and thankful, and only wish to be let alone, and finish by the rediscovery of the ancient fountains. In ——'s letter he talks hazily about Tanganyika and my going home from being tired, and the work being finished by another. You will remember that I recommended him for the task, and that he would not accept it from you without a good salary, and something to fall back upon afterwards. I went unsalaried, the sole hope I had was the statement of yours, of March 13, 1866. 'Do your work, and leave pecuniary matters to Young and me.' I

have been tired often, and begun again I have done it all on foot, except in eight days' illness with pneumonia, and the trip down Tanganyika .

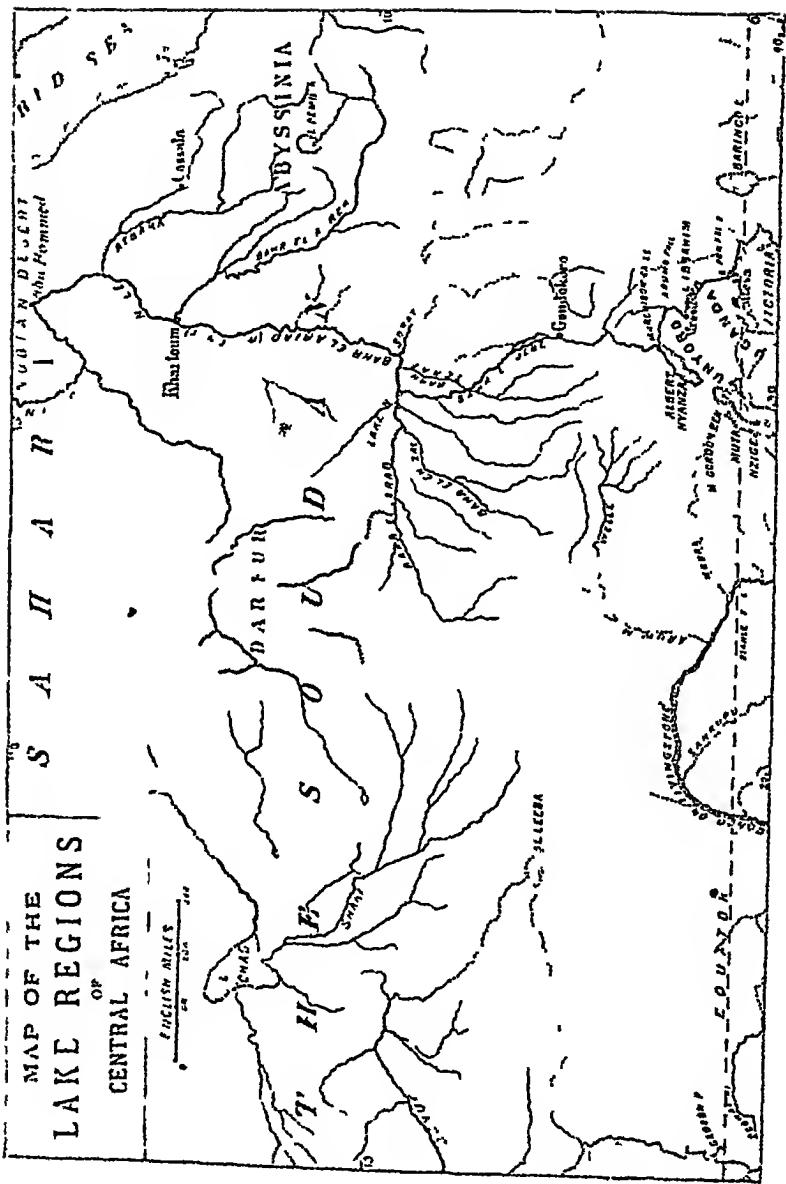
"I earnestly hope you will be so far recovered when this reaches you as to live in comfort, though not in the untiring activity of earlier years The news of our dear Lady Murchison's departure filled me with sincere sorrow Had I known that she kindly remembered me in her prayers, it would have been a source of great encouragement I often thought that Admiral Washington and Admiral Beaufort looked down from their abodes of bliss, to which she has gone, with approbation Sir Francis's words to the Arctic explorers, that 'they were going on discovery, and not on survey,' have been a guide to me, and I am in hopes that, in addition to discovery, my disclosures may lead to the suppression of the east coast slave-trade by Banian British subjects If the good Lord of all grants me this, I shall never grudge the time and trouble I have endured "

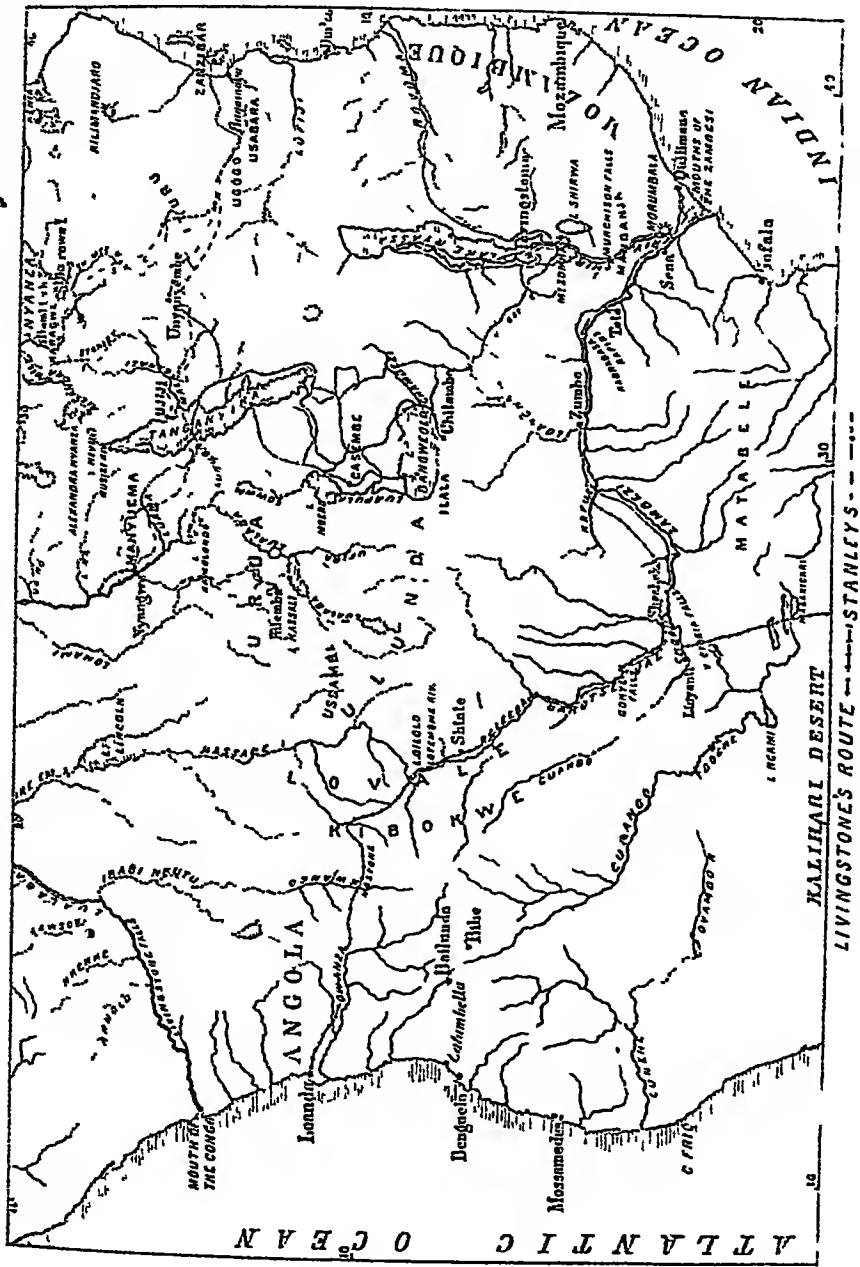
We need not dwell on the particulars of Mr Stanley's return journey to Zanzibar, which he reached on May 7, 1872 He left Livingstone attended by the five faithful followers who, for upwards of six years, had clung loyally to him Susi, his confidential servant, Chuma and Edward Gardner, both from Nassick School, Hamoydal, rescued from slavery on the Zambesi, and Halimah, Hamoydal's wife, who acted as cook

It is necessary to state, however, that in January 1872, the Royal Geographical Society, which knew nothing of the American Relief Expedition, invited

MAP OF THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA

ENGLISH MILES
0 50 100





KALIHARI DESERT

LIVINGSTONE'S ROUTE

the public aid in fitting out an expedition which might go in search of the missing traveller. So prompt and generous was the response to their appeal, that on the 7th of February a well-equipped party left England, under the command of Lieutenant Dawson, Lieutenant Heron, and the traveller's son, Mr Oswell Livingstone. Of course, on their arrival at Zanzibar they found their work done, and were compelled to content themselves with the reflection that, at all events, the lost was found, though the honour of finding him had been reserved for an American. Lieutenant Dawson immediately resigned his command, but Lieutenant Heron and Mr Livingstone awaited at Zanzibar the return of Mr Stanley, which was daily expected.

Lieutenant Heron was the first to greet the enterprising young American. "I congratulate you," he said, "on your splendid success!" After some conversation, Lieutenant Heron mentioned the name of his companion.

"What! is Mr Oswell Livingstone here?" said Stanley, surprised.

"Yes; he will be here directly."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't think it worth my while to go on. Since you have relieved him, I do not see the use of my going. Do you?"

"Well, that depends. You know your own orders best. If you have simply come to find and relieve him, I can tell you truly he is found and relieved, and that he wants nothing more than a few canned meats, and some other little things, which I dare say you have not got. I have his list in his own handwriting with

me But his son must go, anyhow, and I can get men easily enough for him "

Mr Oswell Livingstone, however, on reflection, determined not to take charge of the expedition, but to return to England. Previously to his departure, he and Stanley purchased the additional stores his father required, and engaged six-and-fifty men of good character, under the command of a young Arab, who started for Unyanyembe on the 7th of May There they arrived about the middle of August, much to the satisfaction of Livingstone, and on the 24th of August, the undaunted traveller, at the head of a little company which numbered eighty in all, and with supplies for three years, set out for Lunda in a south-westerly direction

We find him in October skirting the shores of Tanganyika,—which he describes as a succession of rounded bays, answering to the valleys which trend down to the shore between the numerous ranges of hills On November 11th he reached the River Kalambo, and striking inland, crossed several low ranges of sandstone and hematite, passing several strongly stockaded villages Then he came to Zombé's town, on the River Halochéché. On the 29th he crossed the two branches of the Loozi, and climbed up the gentle ascent of Malembé to the village of Chiwé (or Chibwé) The Loozi's two branches, he says, were waist-deep The first was crossed by a natural bridge of a fig-tree growing across It runs into the Lofu, which river rises in Isunga country at a mountain called Kwitetté, The Chambezé (or Zambezé) rises east of this, and at the same place as Louzua





- On the 18th of December he reached the right bank of the Kalongwesé river, which he crossed on the following day. Thence his course lay to the Luongo, through a swampy country, intersected by an infinite number of rivulets. "His men speak of the march as one continual plunge in and out of morass, and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents and the necessity for using canoes. To a man reduced in strength, and chronically affected with dysenteric symptoms ever likely to be aggravated by exposure, the effect may be well conceived! It is probable that had Dr Livingstone been at the head of a hundred picked Europeans, every man would have been down within the next fortnight. As it is, we cannot help thinking of his company of followers, who must have been well led and under the most thorough control, to endure these marches at all, for nothing cows the African so much as rain. The next day's journey (January 9th, 1873) may be taken as a specimen of the hardships every one had to endure,"—hardships which were rapidly breaking down Livingstone's powers of endurance —
- "Mosumba of Chungu. After an hour we crossed the rivulet and sponge of Nkulumuna, one hundred feet of rivulet and two hundred yards of flood, besides some two hundred yards of sponge full and running off. We then, after another hour, crossed the large river Lopopozi by a bridge which was forty-five feet long, and showed the deep water, then one hundred yards of flood thigh-deep, and two hundred or three hundred yards of sponge. After this we crossed two hills called Linkaūda and their sponges, the hills in

flood ten or twelve feet broad, and thigh-deep After crossing the last we came near the Mosumba, and received a message to build our sheds in the forest, which we did "

It was through such a country as this that the sick and suffering traveller rounded the eastern borders of Lake Bangweolo On the 25th of March he crossed the Chambezé, one of its most considerable affluents, and thence kept along the southern shore in a westerly direction, growing weaker every day, and suffering severely from physical pain and exhaustion. Latterly he was carried on a kind of litter, made of two side pieces of wood, about seven feet long, crossed with rails about three feet long, and four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together This framework was covered with grass, and a blanket laid upon it Slung from a pole, and borne between two men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the worn-out traveller was conveyed from point to point through a flooded country steaming with malaria

In his last journal no entries occur opposite the dates April 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th He seems to have been too exhausted to note down any details On the 27th he wrote his last words — "Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats We are on the banks of the Molilamo" (or Lulimala) Here, at a stockaded village belonging to a chief named Chitambo, the expedition halted, and hastily raised a hut to shelter their beloved leader

Chitambo's village was at this time almost empty When the crops are growing the natives build little temporary houses in the fields, and in these they remain on the watch, for their crops are scarcely more

safe by day than by night. Thus it happened that Livingstone's men found plenty of room and shelter ready at their hand. Many of the people approached the spot where he lay whose praises had reached them in previous years, and stood around him in silent wonder and sympathy. Slight drizzling showers were falling, and with as little delay as possible his house was completed and banked round with earth.

Inside it, the bed was raised from the floor upon a platform of sticks and grass, occupying a position across and near to the bay-shaped end of the hut. In the bay itself were deposited the bales and boxes, one of the latter serving as a table, on which were placed the medicine-chest and other articles. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, while the boy Majwara slept just within, to attend to his master's wants in the night.

About midnight on the 30th of April, Majwara summoned the doctor's faithful attendant, Susi. On reaching the bed, he was told to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, Livingstone asked him to bring his medicine-chest, and to hold the candle near him—for the man noticed his master could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side, then directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low feeble voice, "All right, you can go out now." These were the last words he was heard to speak.

The close of this eventful history we give in the words of Mr. Waller —

It must have been about four A.M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. "Come to Bwana, I am afraid, I don't know if he is alive" The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowperé, Matthew, and Muanyaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

Passing inside, they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead" They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer.

A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him—he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing. Then one of them—Matthew—advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient, life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold. Livingstone was dead.

His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up, and laid him full length on the bed, then carefully covering him, they went out into the damp night air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew, and it is from this circumstance—coupled with the fact that Susi spoke to him some time shortly before midnight—that we are able to state with

THE DISCOVERY OF LIVINGSTONE'S DEATH



tolerable certainty that Dr Livingstone expired early in the morning of the 1st of May

As soon as possible the men in each hut were quietly told of the loss they had sustained, and all were assembled at dawn, to be present while the boxes were opened, so that in case they contained money or valuables the whole company might be responsible

It was not without some alarm that they realized the difficulties of their position. They knew how the tribes around them regarded the dead with feelings of superstitious horror, believing that their spirits beyond the grave are animated by a ruling desire of mischief and vengeance. All their religious rites involve this governing idea, and are all designed to propitiate those whom they believe gifted with power to haunt and destroy. Consequently chief and people combine against any wanderers through their territory who are unfortunate enough to lose one of their company by death.

Calling the little band of "faithfuls" together, Susi and Chuma asked what should be done. The reply was unanimous. "You are experienced in travelling and in hardships, you must act as our chief, and whatever you will have us to do we will do." This arrangement was loyally carried out. Susi and Chuma acted as captains of the caravan, and to their knowledge of the country and of the tribes through which they were about to pass, as well as to the discipline and cohesion they succeeded in maintaining, must be ascribed, under God's providence, their safe return to Zanzibar.

All agreed that Chitambo must know nothing of Dr Livingstone's decease, lest he should inflame upon

them as compensation a fine so heavy that it would leave them with means insufficient to reach the coast. All agreed, too, that whatever might be the difficulties in the way, the body must be borne to Zanzibar, and for this purpose must undergo some kind of embalming. The secret, however, leaked out, but instead of levying a fine, Chitambo behaved with the greatest consideration, and allowed them to build outside the village a hut for the reception of the traveller's remains. He suggested, also, that due honours should be paid to his memory, and the customary mourning was forthwith arranged.

At the hour fixed upon, Chitambo, accompanied by his wives, and at the head of his people, reached the new settlement. He was attired in a broad red cloth, which covered the shoulders, while the wrapping of native cotton cloth, worn round the waist, fell down to his ankles. Everybody carried bow, arrows, and spear. Two drummers swelled the loud chorus of lamentation, while Livingstone's servants, according to the custom of the Portuguese and Arabs, discharged volley after volley in the air.

Another hut was now erected, about ninety feet from the principal one. It was so constructed as to be open to the air at the top, but was sufficiently strong to defy the attempts of any wild beast to break through it. Firmly driven boughs and saplings formed an almost impenetrable palisade. Around this enclosure the men raised their huts, and, finally, another high palisade was carried round the entire settlement.

On the following day the work of dissection commenced. Farjalla, one of Livingstone's servants, had



THE INVENTORY

at one time been in the employ of a Zanzibai doctor, when he had gained some acquaintance with the method pursued in *post-mortem* examinations, and he was assisted by Cairas, one of the Nassick boys. Previous to this, however, on the 3rd of May, a special mourner arrived. He came with the usual mourning anklets, composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels, filled with rattling pebbles, and in low monotonous chant sang, while he danced, as follows —

“Lélo Kwa Engérésé,
Muana sisioa Konda,
‘Tu Kamb’ tamb’ Engérésé ”

That is, in English —

To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours,
Come round to see the Englishman

His song and dance at an end, he was rewarded with beads, and he and his son retired.

The emaciated body of the deceased traveller was afterwards removed to the place which had been prepared for its reception. Over the heads of Farjalla and Cairas, a kind of screen or blanket was held by Susi, Chuma, and Muanyaséré. Tofiké and John and Jacob Wainwright were also present. The last-named had been asked to bring his Prayer-book with him, and stood apart against the wall of the enclosure.

“In reading about the lingering sufferings of Dr. Livingstone as described by himself, and subsequently by these faithful fellows, one is quite prepared to understand their explanation, and to see why it was possible to defer these operations so long after death. They say that his frame was little more than skin and bone. Though an incision carefully made, the viscera

were removed, and a quantity of salt was placed in the trunk. All noticed one very significant circumstance in the autopsy. A clot of coagulated blood as large as a man's hand lay in the left side; whilst Farijala pointed to the state of the lungs, which they describe as dried up, and covered with black and white patches.

The heart with the other parts removed, were placed in a tin box which had formerly contained flour, and decently and reverently buried in a hole dug some four feet deep on the spot where they stood. Jacob was then asked to read the Burial Service, which he did in the presence of all. The body was left to be fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it, beyond placing some brandy in the mouth and some on the hair: nor can one imagine for an instant that any other process would have been available either for Europeans or natives, considering the rude appliances at their disposal. The men kept watch day and night, to see that no harm came to their sacred charge. Their huts surrounded the building, and had force been used to enter the strongly-barred door, the whole camp would have turned out in a moment. Once a day the position of the body was changed, but at no other time was any one allowed to approach it.

"No molestation of any kind took place during the fourteen days' exposure. At the end of this period preparations were made for retracing their steps. The corpse by this time tolerably dried was wrapped round in some calico the legs being bent inwards at the knees to shorten the package. The next thing was to plan something in which to carry it; and, in the absence

of planking or tools, an admirable substitute was found by stripping from a Myonga-tree enough of the bark in one piece to form a cylinder, and in it their master was laid. Over this case a piece of sailcloth was sewn, and the whole package was lashed securely to a pole, so as to be carried by two men."

Then their homeward march began

Their first object was to reach the Luapula, then, this river crossed, at some point not far from its confluence with the lake, they would make for the south end of Tanganyika, after which their road to the coast lay through a tolerably well-known country. They met, however, with many difficulties, and that they conquered these, and did not abandon their sacred charge, is a striking testimony to their loyalty and courage. At first they suffered seriously from illness. They were all more or less affected with intense pain in the limbs and face, great prostration, and even inability to move. A month passed before they could make any real progress. At last, however, they came to the broad Luapula, at a point where it is fully four miles across. A man could not be seen on the opposite bank, trees looked like bushes, a gun could be heard, but not the loudest sounds of voices. Such is the description these men gave of the noble river. Taking to the canoes, they punted across with care and difficulty first, through a breadth of reeds, then, deep clear water for some four hundred yards, then, another reedy expanse, deep clear water for a second time, and, finally, gradually shoaling water, which murmured and whispered through the thick reedy growth. Using pole and paddle alternately, they

crossed in two hours the ample torrent which carries off the overflow of Lake Bangweolo towards the north

Keeping on their way through a marshy district, they were glad to choose for their next resting-place an enormous ant-hill, which rose like an island above the tract of mud and water. Next, they passed on to Kawinga's village; and from that to N'kossu's, where the chief presented them with a cow. In the territory of the Wa Ussi their reception was not very hospitable, —probably because the intelligence had spread abroad that they were carrying their master's body. They came at last upon Chawendé's town, and, in accordance with native etiquette, sent forward two of their number to request permission to enter. This was refused, and the travellers knew not what to do. After due consideration, they resolved on forcing an entrance, as nowhere else could shelter be obtained. Two or three climbed over the stockade, and opened the gate to the rest. Then, peacefully enough, they began to look about for huts in which to deposit their baggage. An accident brought on a collision. Chawendé's men fled from the town, the drums beat to arms in all directions, and from the villages close at hand gathered a host of men, equipped with bows, arrows, spears. An assault took place, which the travellers met by a desperate charge, firing on the assailants, killing two, and wounding several others. Fearing that they would reassemble in the outside villages, and renew the attack in the night, the men carried them quickly one by one, and subsequently set fire to six others which stood on the same side of the river. Then crossing over, they fired on the canoes which were flying through the channel of the Lopupussi towards the

deep water of Bangweolo, inflicting a heavy punishment

Returning in triumph to the town, they made all things safe for the night. Their victory had placed in their hands large supplies of sheep, goats, fowls, and provisions generally, so they remained a week, to recruit their strength and enjoy the spoils of war. Once or twice they detected the approach of men at night to throw fire on the roofs of the huts from outside, but otherwise their peace was not disturbed.

After leaving Chawende's, they proceeded to Chama's village, and thence to Ngumbu's. After crossing the M'Paamba, a tributary of the Lopupussi, they came to Chiwaie's town, where they met with much kindness. A week later they arrived at Kapesha's, from which point they knew the road to Tanganyika. Hitherto their course had been easterly, but now they turned their backs to the lake, which had lain on their right hand since they crossed the Luapula, and struck almost north.

From Kapesha to Lake Bangweolo, as the crow flies, is a three days' march. Here they saw a party of Wanyamwesi making iron and copper wire. As thus:—A heavy piece of iron, with a funnel-shaped hole in it, was fixed firmly in the fork of a tree. Then a fine rod was inserted, and a line attached to the first few inches which can gradually be coaxed through the aperture. On this line a number of men haul, singing and dancing with regulated cadence. Subsequently it is passed in the same way through smaller holes, and an excellently fine wire is the result.

Through Chama's kindness they obtained conveyance across the Kalangwésé, and proceeded in the direction

of M'sama's son's town. Steadfastly persevering in the execution of their sacred task, they crossed the watershed, and began to descend towards Tanganyika. Amongst the Mwambi they travelled very pleasantly, meeting always with a kindly reception. So they moved forward day by day, until they had rounded the southern extremity of the lake, after which they kept away to the eastward, and traversed the Fipa country.

A three days' march carried them over the mountain range of Lambalamfipa, which runs from east to west, and reaches a summit-elevation of some four thousand feet. Looking down on the plain from this lofty height, they saw what appeared to be a vast lake stretching before them in a northerly direction, but this, on their approaching it, resolved itself into a glittering level, covered with saline incrustations. They crossed it in safety, however, for villages were numerous, and water, though brackish, was not scarce. Game abounded, especially giraffe and zebra, and lions revelled in the abundance. The travellers obtained liberal supplies of buffalo beef, and all went merrily.

At the Lukwa river they fell in with a caravan of elephant-hunters bound for Fipa, and learned that Dr Livingstone's son, with two Englishmen and a quantity of goods, had arrived at Unyanyembe. On reaching Baula, Chuma was sent forward to meet the English relief-party, while the funeral cortége followed with all possible speed. They duly crossed the Manyara, left behind them the village of Chikooloo, and entered the Uganda country. At Kwihara they met Chuma returning, with Lieutenant Cameron, who had charge of the relief-expedition, and were able to say that their task was done. Young Livingstone, they found was

not a member of the party, but from Cameron they received the praise and recognition their faithful services had abundantly merited

We need not dwell on the final stages of the journey to the coast. They were safely accomplished, and the procession reached Bagamoyo early in February 1874. Captain Prudeau, our consul at Zanzibar, immediately started to receive the sacred trust of the dead traveller's remains, and under his charge they were transported to the island. Thence they were transmitted to England, in the custody of Mr Arthur Laing and Jacob Wainwright, by the Peninsular and Oriental steam-ship *Malwa*.

The *Malwa* arrived at Southampton on Wednesday, the 22nd of April, and was immediately boarded by many of the great traveller's friends, kinsmen, and admirers, by his father-in-law, Robert Moffat, his youngest son, Oswald Livingstone, Henry M Stanley, who had sought him out at Ujiji, Colonel Grant, the African traveller, Mr Webb, of Newstead Abbey, always his generous friend, Mr James Young of Kelly, the Rev Horace Waller, and the Rev Mr Price. Sadly they escorted the honoured dead to London, where the body lay at the house of the Royal Geographical Society until the preparations for its interment in Westminster Abbey—where else could so true a hero fitly rest?—were completed.

The public funeral took place on May the 18th, and though the great abbey has witnessed more magnificent ceremonies, it never witnessed one of greater interest. Round the open grave stood the representatives of art, and science, literature, commerce, and nobility. Moffat,

and Webb, and Grant, the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Houghton, Lord Lawrie, Sir Battle Fiere, and Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr Stanley, Jacob Wainwright, the young Kalulu; the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow,—a motley, but an illustrious company. The beautiful service of the Church was read by Dean Stanley and Canon Conway. The noble dirge of the 90th psalm was sung to Purcell's stately music, and Doddridge's hymn,—

" O God of Bethel ' by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,"—

was also introduced

We may mention that the pall-bearers were the faithful negro lad, Jacob Wainwright, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Sir Thomas Steele, Dr Kirk, Mr W. F. Webb, the Rev Horace Waller, Mr Oswell Livingstone, and Mr G Young

The coffin which enclosed the dust of the greatest of African travellers bore a brass plate with the simple inscription

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

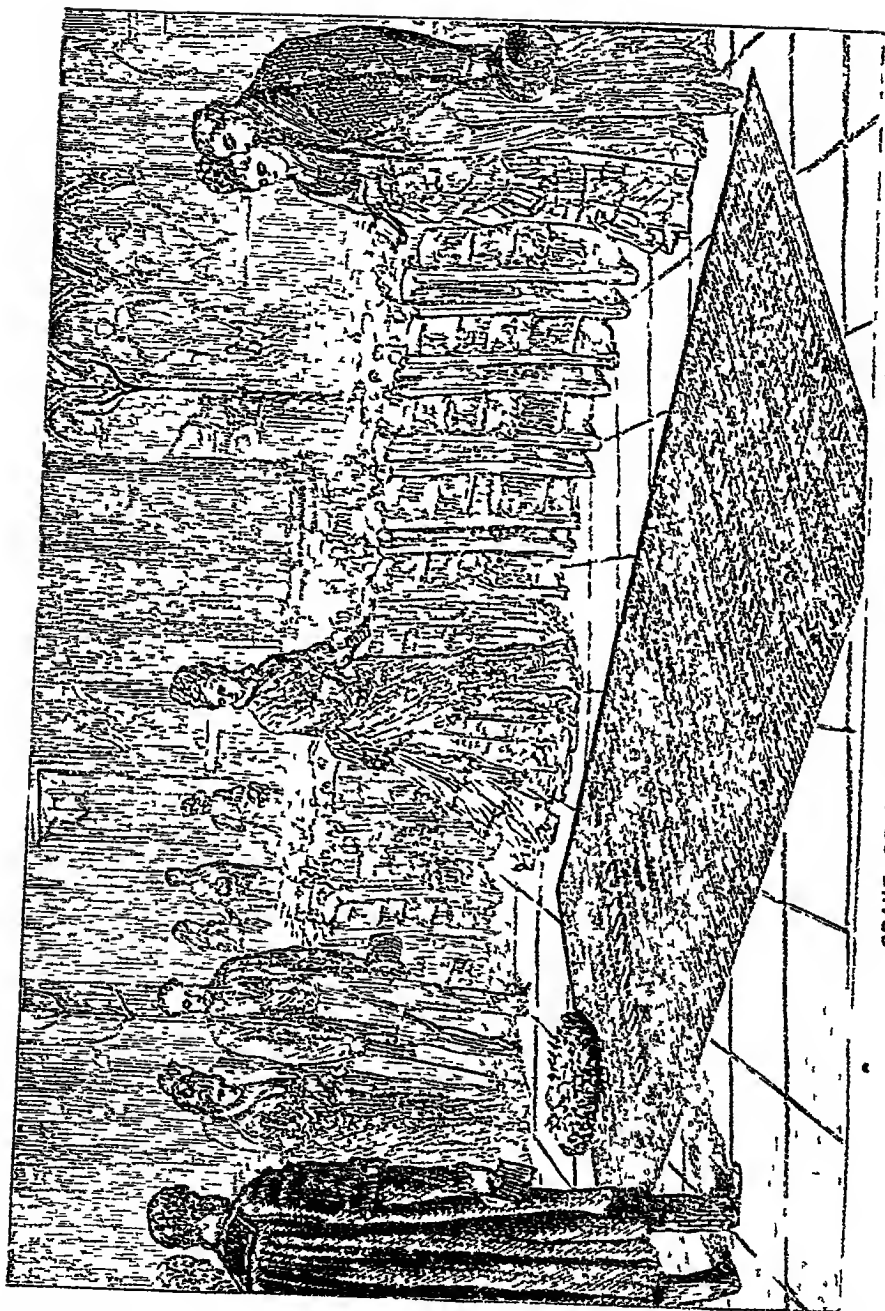
BORN AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND,

19TH OF MARCH 1813.

DIED AT ILALA, CENTRAL AFRICA,

4TH OF MAY 1873.

And there, beneath the vaulted roof of England's noblest abbey, in company with her "illustrious sons of long, long ages," sleeps the Lanarkshire weaver-lad, whose energy and persevering courage opened up new regions to English commerce, and whose philanthropic heroism laboured successfully in the circumscrip-



- GRAVE OF LIVINGSTONE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

tion and gradual extirpation of that curse of slavery which has so long prevented the development of the immense resources of Africa

His characteristic quality, we may add, was a resolute will, an unwavering determination. Seldom has there been so striking a case of a man who formed in youth an ideal of life, and who devoted his manhood to realizing it,—who, like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior,"—

"When brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought"

That plan, we have seen, was "to devote his life to the alleviation of human suffering." Having thus fixed in his own mind the object of his life, he moved steadily forward to its accomplishment in spite of every obstacle. Danger could not daunt, suffering could not depress him. At times with very inadequate resources, at times coldly supported at home, at times broken down by disease and wasted with prolonged fatigue nevertheless, he did not falter or pause, but, believing it was his mission to open up Central Africa to civilization and Christianity, he endured all and overcame all. It must be remembered that he was more than a geographer, though he sought to solve the problem of the sources of the Nile, more than a traveller, though he rejoiced in the discovery of new lands and new waters. He was a philanthropist and a missionary, who sought to bring home to the savage tribes and uncultured peoples of Africa the blessings of peace, law, order, and settled freedom. "Naturally endowed," says Mr. Waller, "with unusual endurance, able to concentrate faculties of no ordinary

kind upon whatever he took in hand, it may be doubted if ever geographer went forth strengthened with so much true power" For he went forth as a soldier of the Cross, as a servant and humble follower of Jesus Christ, and it is certain that he felt less pleasure in the extent and variety of his discoveries, than in the thought that those discoveries would eventually lead to the spiritual elevation, as well as to the material prosperity, of a wide territory of the heathen world

THE END

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